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The Outlook

NOVEMBER 19, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

Mr. Roosevelt's Position

On every hand, personally and by correspondence, I have been asked to make a statement regarding the election. So far as I am concerned, I have nothing whatever to add to or to take away from the declaration of principles which I have made in the Osawatomie speech and elsewhere, East and West, during the past three months. The fight for progressive popular government has merely begun, and will certainly go on to a triumphant conclusion in spite of initial checks and irrespective of the personal success or failure of individual leaders.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE ELECTIONS

The Democratic wave of success which began with the election of a Democratic Governor in Maine had an even more striking illustration in the greatly reduced Republican majorities in such States as Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and Iowa than in the Democratic victories in New York, Ohio, and New Jersey. In each State the Democratic gains are to be attributed, first, of course, to one large and general movement; but in each case also there were special contributing causes. Broadly defined, the general cause was simply dissatisfaction with the Republican party. This, again, was in part because of faults actually committed, or thought to have been committed; in part from the vague, restless dissatisfaction which every party in power encounters, and is most likely to meet midway between two Presidential elections. The outcry against the increased cost of living is universal; it touches a matter close to the heart because it is close to the home; with reason or without reason, it engendered complaints against the political leadership in control. But, specifically, the high tariff is believed to be one of the chief causes of the high cost of living; the people believed that a substantial downward revision was promised by the Republican party; the Payne-Aldrich Bill was not, in fact, accepted as such a measure; the attempts of the Administration to hold the bill up to admiration not only did not convince but did irritate its critics. The unhappy Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, the diplomatic scandal over the appointment of a Chinese Minister, the political revolt against Cannonism—these and other matters left in the popular mind a feeling that the Republican party was dealing weakly with grave public interests, and in a measure overshadowed the praise deserved for the actual constructive measures passed. Moreover, in some ways the Democrats benefited by the stirring of popular feeling for Progressive legislation; in many cases Progressive Democrats pushed aside conservatives of both parties; Woodrow Wilson in New Jersey is as truly a Progressive as is Robert Bass in New Hampshire. It must be remembered that the moral revolt against boss rule and legislative corruption in New York, for instance, was a totally different thing from the insurgent and anti-tariff feeling in the West. Nationally the chief result is that we shall have a Democratic House of Representatives

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with a majority of nearly or quite 60, as against a Republican majority of 43 in the present Congress; while the Republican majority in the Senate is reduced from 25 to 12. Thus for the first time in many years we shall have a Republican President and Senate ranged against a Democratic lower house, and either party may block legislation if it wishes. That the Democrats will next year introduce a general tariff bill is likely, but, if they are wise, they will recognize the fact that the only reasonable way of dealing with the subject is that recommended by the President and Mr. Roosevelt—that is, schedule by schedule. The Congress now elected begins its sessions a year from next December, following the antiquated and now absurd provision of the Constitution.

IN THE EAST

The result in New York State is practically to put Tammany in control at Albany. Mr. Dix, at the best a man of little public service, is chosen by a plurality of nearly seventy thousand in preference to Mr. Stimson, whose record as a faithful and universally successful prosecutor of public enemies is unique, and who stood as the representative of the principles and practice of Governor Hughes. The causes of this temporary defeat of Progressive Republicanism in New York, apart from that wave of restless change which affected the whole country, were, in the main, the exposure of corrupt practices among Republicans in the Legislature, the inclement weather which made the vote light in rural districts, the bitter enmity of most of the New York City papers, which preferred Tammany rule to anything that might savor of indorsement of Mr. Roosevelt, and, finally, the honest but ill-judged belief of many conservative voters who cannot distinguish between restricting illegal acts of dishonest corporations and interfering with business at large. The percentage of Republican loss as compared with 1908 was much smaller in New York than in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. The election of Henry George, Jr., to Congress over Mr. Bennet is a positive proof of the influence of the tariff question in the New York elections. Mr. George ran on a free-trade platform in a strong Republican district. The New York Assembly will stand: Democrats 85, Republicans 65; the Senate, 29 Democrats, 22 Republicans. The Democratic Legislature will, of course, elect a successor to Mr. Depew in the United States Senate. Turning to New Jersey, Dr. Woodrow Wilson's triumph—his plurality was about forty-five thousand—was both a splendid personal tribute to a man of broad Progressive views and a recognition of an educational campaign through Dr. Wilson's calm, sane, and clear speeches; he could not have been elected without an extraordinary transfer of voters from the Republican to the Democratic column. A Democratic majority in the Legislature makes the re-election of the reactionary Senator Kean impossible, but if, as is probable, James Smith, Jr., becomes his successor, many doubt if the change will be for the better. Another notable personal triumph was that of Governor-elect Foss, of Massachusetts, by a plurality of about thirty-three thousand, after a campaign of only two weeks. Here the influence of the tariff question was evident, for Foss, who fought on this issue, ran far ahead of his ticket, and was the only candidate elected; Frothingham, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, was elected by about fifty-five hundred plurality. Even Rhode Island had a narrow escape from Republican defeat; Governor Pothier had but nine hundred plurality. In Connecticut, where the Republican machine has been in State matters as reactionary and unprogressive as in New Jersey, Judge Baldwin was elected Governor by the Democrats, with over three thousand majority. Pennsylvania's enormous Republican majorities of the past shrank to about eighteen thousand for Governor-elect Tener; it gave Roosevelt 505,000 plurality in 1904! It should be noted, however, that in the present election the immensely decreased majority was in large measure due to the fact that most of the independents opposing Tener and organized as the Keystone Party were formerly Republicans.

IN THE WEST AND SOUTH

In the States west and south of the Ohio River, Republican Governors were elected in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas,

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Montana (probably), Nevada, California, and Tennessee. Democratic Governors were elected in all the Southern States which had gubernatorial elections, except Tennessee, and also in Oklahoma, Colorado, Idaho (probably), and Oregon. In the whole country the Democrats have thus taken twelve States out of the Republican column—Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon. Despite this, the Republicans gained gubernatorial elections in three formerly Democratic States, Nebraska, Nevada, and Tennessee, thus leaving a net Democratic gain of nine. In six States particular electoral conditions were of note—Ohio, Minnesota, Indiana, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, and Tennessee. Personal prestige was a principal factor in Ohio and Minnesota. In Ohio it was emphasized by the re-election of Governor Harmon by the largest majority ever given to a Democrat in that State. He is also the first Democratic Governor of Ohio ever to be re-elected. These facts add to his prominence as a Presidential nominee. As Ohio marks the rise of personal prestige, so Minnesota marks its downfall. In the three previous elections the late John A. Johnson, a Democrat, had carried the State overwhelmingly. In this year's election, however, Governor Eberhart, a Republican (who had succeeded constitutionally to the office on Governor Johnson's death), defeated his opponent by an old-time Republican majority. Results in Indiana are the reverse; for the first time in thirteen years the Democrats control every branch of the State government, the two United States Senators, and all but one of the Indiana Representatives in Congress. In Wisconsin, which, like Kansas, has elected a radical Progressive as Governor, the Socialist strength, shown last spring in the election of a Mayor of Milwaukee, has now become powerful enough not only to elect the entire Socialist ticket in Milwaukee County, but also to elect no less than twelve Assemblymen and one Senator to the State Legislature. In Oklahoma excitement was aroused and election disorders occurred by reason of the State Supreme Court's decision affirming the constitutionality of the "grandfather clause," disfranchising thousands of negroes, and by the Federal Circuit Court's ruling that it was without jurisdiction to change the decision. In Tennessee the contest was one simply of order against disorder. Order won. Captain Hooper, the Republican nominee for Governor, was elected by an independent vote. The renomination of Governor Patterson, the notorious pardoner of murderers, was properly resented, and a Republican Tennessee now certainly breaks the solid South. From a spectacular standpoint this is the most striking of the three Republican gubernatorial triumphs in States formerly Democratic. Woman suffrage was an issue in four States—Oklahoma, South Dakota, Oregon, and Washington. Only in the last-named State was it adopted, or rather readopted, for women voted in that State from 1883 to 1887. There are now five States in which women may vote—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, and Washington. As a result of the Colorado election, four women will sit in the State House of Representatives. In the last House there was one woman member, who has been re-elected. The chief feature of the election in all the Western and Southern States is the triumph of the Progressives. So far as we know, no Republican Progressive candidate for Governor was defeated. With certain exceptions in Indiana, Wisconsin, and Iowa, all the Progressive Republican candidates were elected.

A REBUKE TO THE OLD GUARD

The seats of thirty United States Senators become vacant on March 4 next—twenty-four Republicans and six Democrats. State Legislatures were chosen to name their successors. The Republican Senators in the Southern and Western States who will be succeeded by Democrats are Mr. Scott, of West Virginia, Mr. Dick, of Ohio, Mr. Beveridge, of Indiana, Mr. Warner, of Missouri, and Mr. Burkett, of Nebraska. Mr. Beveridge is an Insurgent; Mr. Burkett not so radical. The others belong to the Old Guard. The Old Guard Senators from Michigan and Wisconsin are supplanted by Progressives. When one considers these changes, together with those in the East, the elimination of the Old Guard is infinitely

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more important than the fact that the elections have halved the present Republican majority in the upper house. Elections to the lower house were of course much more marked by Democratic triumphs. While the Republicans held their own, generally speaking, in the Pacific and intermountain States, and did fairly well in the Middle West, they lost east of the Mississippi. For the first time, Congress will have a Socialist member, Victor Berger, of Milwaukee. But the Congressional elections disclosed something besides a general Democratic drift, namely, an unmistakable command by the people, independent of party, to their representatives in Congress to revolt against the old oligarchic rules, and to the House of Representatives in particular to take away the autocratic power from the Speaker. On this issue nearly every Republican Congressional candidate classed as an Insurgent has been returned. On the other hand, such able legislators among the Cannon supporters as Congressman Denby, of Michigan, and Mann, of Illinois, have gone down to defeat, and Speaker Cannon himself was returned by a humiliatingly reduced majority. By an overwhelming rebuke to the reactionaries, the country has thus summoned the House of Representatives to regenerate itself.

POTASH Alarming headlines appeared last week in the daily press: "A Tariff War with Germany," "Retaliation with Germany," etc., etc. These lines prefaced some account of the difficulty which American importers are just now having with the German producers and exporters of potash. Germany is the chief source of potash for the making of fertilizers. America takes about half the quantity exported. The German miners of potash have been united in a Trust to restrain competition. But as the profit was large, independent concerns kept springing up, and through the pressure of their competition the syndicate was dissolved. Before any new combination could be formed, our importers had made contracts, profitable to them, with one or more of the German mining companies for their output for a term of years. The other German producers, dissatisfied with not getting expected contracts, appealed to their Government for its regulation of the entire potash output, pleading, in the contrary event, a too rapid exhaustion of the mineral. Last May, after the question of applying our maximum tariff to imports from Germany had been settled, the Reichstag, the lower house in the German Parliament, passed an act allotting the quantity of output among the operating mines, and taxing heavily any excess production over the allotment—practically an export tax. The German firms which had entered into contract with American importers now found it unprofitable to fulfill their obligations. At the same time, our importers were unable to enforce the observance of the contracts. Hence the hue and cry that America was being discriminated against. The maximum provision of the Payne Tariff Law, however, does not apply to any foreign country unless that country unduly discriminates against the United States. The new German law may be and doubtless is, burdensome to our importers. Indeed, they claim that it is causing a loss of two million dollars a year to them. That means, probably, that the same quantity of potash now costs them annually two million dollars more. It may not really cost *them* anything in the long run if they can make the consumers of the final product pay the two millions! The Germans disavow any unfriendly intent, but declare that they are simply exercising their prerogatives of protecting an important industry by aiding the smaller mines to maintain a uniform price, and that their law applies to all countries alike.

THE FOLLY OF THE EXPRESS STRIKE Again last week the citizens of New York and of the suburbs for many miles around suffered inconvenience and often loss through the unintelligent method of settling labor questions still maintained in this country and its metropolis, in spite of repeated demonstrations of its folly and in spite of good examples to the contrary set by some other countries and cities. The strike spread from the express helpers and drivers to the employees of taxicab companies, coal companies, and other concerns engaged in transportation. It is

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now evident that in the negotiations between the strikers and the employing companies there was nothing like a clear understanding on either side as to what the other demanded and what it would yield. Thus the companies declared, in a statement widely published as an advertisement in the newspapers, that they stood for an open shop and that the strikers insisted on a closed shop; this may be true of some of the unions which have joined in the so-called sympathetic strike, but it does not appear to be true of the original strikers, whose representatives maintain that what they ask, apart from questions of wages and hours, as to which they have all along been ready to arbitrate, is that the union should receive recognition—and this means that the companies should be willing to deal with the recognized agents of the men, whether they are themselves employees or not; that the companies should thus admit the principle of collective bargaining; and that they should not discharge men solely because they belong to a union. If there existed a legal, authoritative method of arbitrating labor disputes, such misunderstanding and confusion could not exist. As it was, largely through the efforts of Mayor Gaynor (who saw that the points really in dispute were simple and capable of adjustment), the representatives of the companies and of the strikers agreed toward the end of the week that questions of hours and wages should be considered with committees of the employees and a fair settlement be reached; that employees on strike should be taken back without regard to the question of their having joined a union, but that none who have done or incited acts of violence should be taken back; and on this simple and just agreement the leaders of the express company strikers recommended the employees to return to work. Mayor Gaynor and Mr. Towne, the President of the Merchants' Association, are entitled to great credit in bringing about this result. Mr. Gaynor, after reading the published correspondence between the Merchants' Association and the express companies, saw, he says, "that, if boiled down and all irrelevant matter excluded, it meant the same as the terms agreed to last week on my request." The whole affair proves that sympathetic strikes, carried out by large bodies of men who are not parties to the original quarrel, are not to be tolerated when general public safety and convenience are involved; and that, if private methods for conciliation may be of avail, as in this case, much more would public and legal channels for fair investigation and arbitration be labor-saving, and money-saving, and in some cases life-saving.

BRITISH POLITICS

The British Premier has announced that the so-called Veto Conference which has been sitting for many months past has come to an end without arriving at an agreement. It was also announced that no statement will be made in regard to the proceedings of the Conference; but it is reported that the fundamental division between the two parties represented in the Conference was the composition of the Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament, by means of which it was proposed in the future to adjust the differences arising between the Commons and the Lords. There had apparently been a disposition to arrange for a joint session of the two houses in the event of a legislative deadlock; but, if reports are to be trusted, Mr. Balfour, representing the Unionist party, insisted upon reserving Home Rule and other constitutional questions from the consideration of such joint sessions, at least until an appeal could be made to the electorate. This puts the whole matter where it was before the death of King Edward, with, however, a change of atmosphere which may have an important bearing on the future discussion of the subject. Months of reflection and a complete cessation of partisan activities cannot be without influence in the consideration of such important constitutional questions. It seems to be the common opinion that a general election will be held in January, or in the early spring. Parliament meets again on Tuesday of this week. Although Mr. Balfour is authority for the statement that Imperial Federation formed no part of the deliberations of the Conference, it is generally believed that it was a question very freely and earnestly discussed privately among the conferees, with special reference to its

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bearing on Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Home Rule; and in the judgment of many sober-minded men, although the proposition is too new to command immediate assent, it is a question which will at an early date become a matter of practical politics.

TARIFF PROBLEMS FOR THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT

The session of the Dominion Parliament of Canada just begun will be much occupied with questions arising out of the tariff. The last revision was in 1907, with gains all along the line for the protected industries. It was then concluded that the tariff was settled for years to come. To-day, however, as a result of the offer of reciprocity embodied in the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and of recent overtures from the Government at Washington for a reciprocity arrangement wider than that offered in the Payne-Aldrich Act, and also as an outcome of the revolt of the farmers and grain-growers of the provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, the tariff is more of an issue in Dominion politics than at any time since the Laurier Government came into power fourteen years ago. The farmers and grain-growers have always protested, and still protest, against any increase in duties. At the present time, however, a new importance attaches to their protests, because since the revision of 1907 the farmers of the provinces which lie between the Ottawa River and the Rocky Mountains have perfected and enormously strengthened and extended their organization. Thirty thousand farmers in four provinces are now members of five organizations of which the Dominion Council of Agriculture is the center, and such farmers' associations as exist in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are being quickly brought into what is now a Dominion-wide organization.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND THE FARMERS

The many recent protests to Sir Wilfrid Laurier against the existing tariff, which were made when, in July and August, the Premier was on a tour of the prairie provinces and British Columbia, originated with the farmers' associations there, but the revolt has now been made to include all the provinces except British Columbia. When the Premier was in the West, complaint was made to him that the Liberal members from the prairie provinces had failed to keep the Government and Parliament at Ottawa informed of the strong feeling in these provinces against high protection. He was asked if during the next Parliamentary session he would receive a deputation from the grain-growing provinces to press further the case for reductions. Next month between five and six hundred farmers, representing nine out of the ten provinces, will meet the Premier at Ottawa to press upon him again the case of the farmers and grain-growers for lower duties all through the tariff schedules, and also to urge reciprocity with the United States. At the National Liberal Convention of 1893—now memorable chiefly for the repudiation of its every principle by the Liberals as soon as they got into power—a resolution was passed in which it was declared that the Liberal party was prepared to enter into negotiations with a view to obtaining a reciprocal treaty with the United States. "And we are satisfied," continued the resolution, "that any treaty so arranged will receive the assent of her Majesty's Government, without whose approval no treaty can be made." Since then, however, the Liberals have completely adopted the national policy of the Conservatives. It is said that the relations of the protected manufacturers with the Liberal party at Ottawa have been as close and as accommodating on both sides as they were with the late Sir John Macdonald and the Conservatives. In the West, in July last, Sir Wilfrid Laurier described the advantages conceded to the manufacturers in the tariff as "vested interests," which he insisted must be safeguarded. There will consequently have to be some considerable loosening of the cement that for thirteen or fourteen years has held together the Liberal party at Ottawa and the protected manufacturers before there can be any reciprocity treaty with the United States. The last of the three important tariff questions confronting the Government and Parliament and arising out of the national policy concerns the claim of the iron and steel industry of Nova Scotia, Quebec, and Ontario for

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higher duties against the United States and Great Britain to compensate them for the withdrawal of bounty payments at the end of 1910. The industry has long been specially favored by the Laurier Government, but in view of the widespread hostility in rural Canada to bounties, a hostility which had much to do with ending the system, and also in view of the well-organized and growing movement among the farmers for lower duties, it is scarcely conceivable that the Government can comply with the new plea of the iron and steel interests.

THE JOHN HAY MEMORIAL LIBRARY

The John Hay Memorial Library, which was dedicated in Providence on Friday of last week, is perhaps the most important architectural monument in America to the memory of a man of light and leading. Mr. Hay was both. He was a man of letters of memorable gifts and achievements. He was also a diplomatist of very high rank. It is safe to predict that in twenty-five years he will not only stand in the front rank of American publicists in this field, but will be counted by the world at large one of the leaders of that new diplomacy which rests on fairness, justice, and frankness between nations. His name will be cherished in the Far East. He will be counted there among the little group of public men in the West who, in a great crisis, were true frineds of that vast section of the world, fast rising in activity and influence. The library will not only be a notable addition to the resources of Brown University and of the city of Providence, but will be of great service to students of literature and history in this country. It is an impressive and a beautiful building, with space for three hundred thousand volumes. It will house the Harris Collection of American Poetry, which now numbers twelve thousand volumes, and is separately endowed. It will also include the Rider Collection of Rhode Island History, the Wheaton Collection of International Law, and the Lamont Collection of Eighteenth Century English Literature. The lighting, ventilation, and disposition of the books represent the very latest contemporary experience and knowledge. The library will contain a large reading-room accommodating one hundred and eighty readers, and every device will be used to make the building not only a great treasury of valuable books, but a working laboratory for students and readers. Close relations will be established with neighboring libraries, and especially with the Providence Public Library. The chief features of the exercises of dedication were addresses by Dr. Angell, of the University of Michigan, and Senator Root.

BEAUTY STILL AN ASSET

Last week The Outlook called attention to a court decision in Colorado significant from the standpoint that beauty is a material asset of positive value. Another matter, which also has to do with the West, emphasizes that position. The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society has called attention to certain facts with reference to the Grand Cañon National Monument, with a view to extending the boundary of that reservation. The celebrated chasm of the Colorado River in Arizona consists of two sections—the Grand Cañon and the Marble Cañon. There is no break in the walls between these divisions, but the cañon may be said to be continuous for a total length of over two hundred and eighty miles. This cañon is one of the natural wonders of the world; certainly it is the greatest eroded cañon in the United States. Its average depth is about four thousand feet, although in some portions it is more than a mile deep. It measures from ten to fifteen miles from rim to rim. It has been the subject of description by writers ever since it was first seen by Coronado in 1540. It contains interesting archæological remains, and also possesses much scientific interest on account of its extraordinary geological exposure. Finally, it may be said to present natural scenery of a character and upon a scale unparalleled in the known world. Towards the end of President Harrison's Administration a large territory lying north and south of the Colorado River in Arizona was established as the Grand Cañon National Park, and towards the end of President Roosevelt's Administration, under the "Act for the Preservation of American

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Antiquities," an area of over eight hundred thousand acres, lying within the Grand Cañon National Forest, was established as the Grand Cañon National Monument. President Roosevelt's proclamation declared that it was not intended thereby to prevent the use of lands for forest purposes, but that, while both Reservations should be effective on the land withdrawn, the National Monument would be the dominant Reservation. President Roosevelt issued later proclamations dividing the Grand Cañon Reservation into two parts, without, however, affecting the Grand Cañon National Monument. The portion of the National Forest north of the Colorado River was erected into the Kaibab National Forest, and that south of the river into the Coconino National Forest. The Scenic and Historic Preservation Society requests that the Grand Cañon National Monument shall be enlarged. At present only about half of the Grand Cañon and the Marble Cañon are within the National Monument; in particular, half of the Grand Cañon to the west is left without protection from vandalism. Hence the Society sensibly recommends that the present Reservation be extended westward to include all of the Cañon. The recommendation has been heartily indorsed by President Taft.

A CHARMING PLAY

It is an evidence of the vitality of those two charming stories of a girlhood in Maine by Kate Douglas Wiggin, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "New Chronicles of Rebecca," that they could be successfully dramatized; for there is, in the nature of things, no plot in either story. The charm in both books lies in the atmosphere, the development of character, the New England background, the deftly mingled humor and sentiment. Both are beguiling pictures of New England country life. The play, which is drawing large audiences at the Republic Theater in New York, lacks the element of plot; but the incidents or episodes are so related to one another in the unfolding of a childhood full of purity and fun and intelligence that they supply the absence of plot. The characters are admirably represented, and the dialogue is entertaining and witty. Rebecca is a fountain of youth, impulsive, spontaneous, unconscious. The old stage-driver belongs to a type of which Americans are never tired—the kindly, homespun, humorous countryman who hides a great deal of affection and helpfulness under the guise of humor. The maiden aunts are true to the life, and the children frolic and giggle precisely as they are doing to-day in a hundred New England villages. The attraction of the play is easy to explain. There are two backgrounds in the memory or imagination of Americans—the background of New England and of Virginia. From the Atlantic to the Pacific there are a host of people to whom the New England scenery and the farm life never fail to appeal. All Americans enjoy a real picture of farm life, no matter whether they ever had any relation with the farm or not. "Rebecca" touches another source of unfailing interest: it is a drama of childhood. It is a thousand miles away from the sex play and the problem play; the morning air is on it, and one comes away from it refreshed and invigorated. There is no trace of the pedagogue in it; but there are very few sermons more effective than this unpretentious, spontaneous play of childhood, with its fresh and captivating humor.

DECLINE IN RURAL POPULATION

The census figures for Missouri, announced recently, show a marked falling off in the rural population of the State. The State, as a whole, showed a gain of approximately 187,000, or six per cent, over the figures of 1900. But in the two largest cities, St. Louis and Kansas City, the gain was 197,000. So there was a net decrease of 10,000 in the population of the State outside these cities. Missouri has been a prosperous agricultural State in the last decade, and the Director of the Census, Dr. E. Dana Durand, expresses the belief that conditions there are typical of those of other agricultural States of the Middle West. Several explanations have been offered for this decline. Undoubtedly cheap land in the Southwest has attracted thousands

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of families from the older States. Land has steadily advanced in value, and the farmer who would have expected his sons to settle on adjacent farms a generation ago is apt now to advise them to go into the newer country of Oklahoma and Texas, where farm land is much cheaper. The enormous increase in population made by these two States in the last decade has been due chiefly to immigration from the Middle West. The older States have emptied their surplus population into them. The constant improvement in farm machinery probably has had some effect. The farmer can get on now with fewer hands than was possible formerly, so the "hired" men have drifted away to some extent from the rural districts. But more far-reaching than this has been the general drift to the cities of the farm population, due partly to the desire for larger opportunities to make money, partly to dissatisfaction with the hardships and loneliness of farm life and a desire for the lights, the theaters, and the attractions of the city. A letter sent out by the Department of Agriculture a year ago asked the question, "What changes would make farm life more attractive for women?" Three hundred and fifty of the six hundred replies received said, "Water in the house." Others spoke of the desirability of gas. People no longer are satisfied with conditions that once they accepted as a matter of course. The absence of conveniences is noticed much more than a few years ago. The result has been to drive the young people to the cities. The Kansas City "Star" reports one country lawyer who said that he had written perhaps a hundred letters in the last ten years to a friend connected with the Kansas City street railway company recommending young men for employment as motormen and conductors. He had invariably advised them not to go to the city, but his counsel was unavailing. The lure was too strong. Another exceedingly important factor, which will be possible of analysis only after fuller census figures are available, is the decline in the size of families. In one important agricultural county, for instance, a staff correspondent of the "Star" found that the school population had fallen from 7,800 in 1890 to 6,400 this last year. In 1890 the school-children constituted thirty-one per cent of the population. This year they are twenty-six per cent. The number of marriage licenses issued each year in this county has fallen off since the early eighties. This correspondent found a general expression of opinion that the number of large families was much smaller than fifteen or twenty years ago. If the Missouri statistics are typical of other States, as seems likely, the census is going to furnish much interesting material for sociological investigation.

THE SALOTTO OF NAPLES

The word *salotto* signifies drawing-room, or *salon*. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the word, as used for a meeting-place, signified especially a center of literary and social culture. As used in Italy to-day it means this and more. It conveys something of what we mean when we say "home." As used in the University of Naples, in particular, it has been applied to the outgrowth of a Bible class of six young men, started eight years ago, not in Naples but in Rome. The young men studied the Bible, but they also studied Italian social problems as they affect students in their university life. There were lacks in their university life. There was a lack of friendly intercourse between students and professors. There was an absence of dormitories and fraternities. There were false views regarding the dignity of labor. There was a lack of physical education and of sports. Especially in Naples there was an almost Oriental exclusion of women, rendering impossible a wholesome social relation between young men and young women. Finally, there was a widespread atheism. In the University of Naples, comprising six thousand students, nine out of every ten men are atheists. The atrophy of the religious conscience was also accompanied by political apathy. Confronting these conditions is the work started by an American woman, Miss Leavitt. She began it in Rome. Her means were simple, but she rented a room, provided good literature in different languages, secured good story-tellers and speakers, organized

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conferences and musicales and teas. In a few weeks there was an average attendance of twenty students a day. Invitations were received to come to other university towns. Naples was selected because its university, the second in age, is the first in point of numbers in Italy. The students are mainly in the law and medical schools, with a goodly sprinkling in engineering. The Naples endeavor has been strikingly successful. The single room has long since been exchanged for larger quarters. There is an average daily attendance of no less than a hundred students. The various languages are represented by many reviews and journals, and also in the many lectures and conferences. A large library is at the disposition of the students. There are teas and musicales, chorus singing, excursions, and Bible classes. Work is in progress for poor children and for emigrants, and a more wholesome relation between young men and young women is growing. The Naples "Salotto" is distinctly non-sectarian. It deserves to succeed, and we hope that Miss Leavitt's work will spread throughout all the universities of Italy.

FOREST FIRES

The Forest Service has completed its estimate of the loss in the National Forests in Montana and Idaho due to the fires and hurricane of August 26 last. The estimate puts the total amount of destroyed timber at over six billion board feet, or between one and two per cent of the total stand of National Forest timber, the area burned over exceeding one and a quarter million acres. This announcement has caused caustic comment by the opponents of the Federal administration of forests. Some attempt has been made to connect the matter with the "New Nationalism," as showing that there is no necessity for such an issue of centralization. Apparently, in the minds of these critics, the fires would no have occurred if the forests had been State and not National Forests! They might as well blame the Weather Bureau for its failures, first to prevent a drought, and second to permit the development of a hurricane. To the critics the friends of the National Forests have replied that Congress has been negligent in its appropriations. Thereupon one eminent journal remarks that "to say that Congress was negligent is to confess that the Federal machine is not efficient." Of course the implication then is, that the less you have, the more you can do! Now, as a matter of serious fact, every one knows that fire risks can never be absolutely eliminated. In cities, if fires break out where there is much inflammable material, when a drought has emptied the municipal reservoirs, and when a hurricane is raging, they are naturally destructive, even if the Fire Department does all possible under the circumstances. Exactly these conditions obtained last summer in Montana and Idaho. The region was full of inflammable material, there had been a drought, there was a hurricane. The separate small fires were driven to fury by the hurricane. The region was a practically inaccessible mountainous country, into which, on account of the absence of trails, it was almost impossible for fire-fighters to penetrate. When the hurricane arose, it drove the fires upon those who were hewing a way towards them. The Forest Service's Fire Department was good so far as it went, but it was inadequate. And it was inadequate because Congress had not appropriated sufficient funds for this purpose. In preventing fire, what the Service wants to do is, first, to establish better communications, and, second, to provide a larger force. That both are needed is seen from the fact that when the hurricane came last summer it did great damage because fires were already burning in regions where they could not be got at; if the hurricane had not come, they would have been got at in time and brought under control, and even the effect of the hurricane would have been largely neutralized by trails and other means of communication, together with an adequate force. This assumption is borne out by the fact that in forests only moderately well provided with trails and lanes the fires were under control. If a proper amount of money had been available, the larger part of last summer's losses, we believe, would have been avoided. Certainly the experience should demonstrate to Congress the pressing importance and true economy of

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providing means for better protection. At the approaching session of Congress we hope, and we expect, to see ampler provision made.

THE ELECTION, AND THE PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLES

The Outlook gives on another page an interpretative report of the election in detail. Its general significance I here more briefly indicate.

Popular dissatisfaction with present conditions, especially with the high prices; indignation at the manifest control by the special interests of the tariff revision, and still more at the defenses and eulogies of the Tariff Bill; wrath at the corruption and the hypocritical pretenses disclosed in certain influential Republican circles, coupled with forgetfulness of the fact that the exposure and the prosecution were furnished by Republicans; a growing conviction that there was an alliance between the special interests and the Republican oligarchy, with the belief that the easiest way to hit at it was by voting with the opposition; indifference in an election which to many voters appeared to be a contest rather between persons than between principles—an impression which a too personal campaigning tended to increase; a general inclination in America to make a change in political control from time to time, an inclination which the political conditions that prevail in solid States do much to justify; some fears in certain quarters, not less politically effective because wholly undefined, lest the specter of radicalism should work havoc to business interests; the fact that the Republican party was divided between the Insurgents and the Regulars, while the Democratic party, freed from the traditions of Cleveland and the personality of Bryan, was for the first time in years united—all these causes combined to bring about a political revolution.

But I do not believe that the election indicates a reactionary revolution. The facts that in every State (except Indiana) where there was a definite popular Insurgent movement within the Republican party which had succeeded, that party succeeded in the election; that in every State (except Pennsylvania) where there was no such movement within the party, or where it failed, the Republican party failed in the election; that, with the single exception of the Senator from Indiana, no Senator who was retired, by failure to secure either a renomination or a re-election, represents the Progressive element in the party; that of the Governors elected a decided majority represent the Progressive rather than the reactionary element in their respective parties, including such representatives of Progressive thought as Woodrow Wilson on the Atlantic coast and Hiram Johnson on the Pacific; that the Insurgents are Insurgents no longer, but are recognized as leaders in the Republican party—these facts all indicate that the election, which is a signal triumph of the Democratic party, is not a defeat of Progressive principles and does not indicate a decadence of the Progressive spirit.

Nor do I think that the jack-o'-lantern bugaboo of Mr. Roosevelt's imagined monarchical ambitions cut any considerable figure in the election. The fact that the greatest falling off in the Republican vote was in the State of Pennsylvania, where his voice was not once heard in the campaign, is significant if not conclusive upon that point. The simple fact is that a Democratic triumph was publicly predicted by both Democrats and Republicans eight months ago, and was foreshadowed by the enforced retirement of Messrs. Aldrich and Hale from the Senate and by the Maine election in September. Mr. Roosevelt was called in to save the situation; he responded to the call, but could not turn the tide. He did something more important: he heartened the Progressives in his own party, carried forward in his own State the work of party purification so well begun by Mr. Hughes, and did something to inspire with the spirit of genuine and rational democratic progress the party of his political opponents.

With these brief paragraphs of interpretation, I turn from the immediate political aspects of the election to reaffirm my own adherence and the adherence of The Outlook to the Progressive principles, and to redefine them.

My democratic belief is not a political opinion; it is a religious faith. I believe

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that man, made in the image of God, inherits from his Father an undeveloped capacity to know and choose the right and eschew the wrong; and this capacity, when developed by adequate education, carries with it the right and the duty so to choose—that is, the right and duty of self-government. Every normally endowed man, be he white or black or red or yellow, is endowed by his Creator with reason and will, and because so endowed has a divine right to use that reason and will in directing his course and determining his destiny. In the divine right of kings and priests I do not believe; the divine right of man is the cornerstone of my religious and political philosophy.

Therefore I believe in a human religion. I believe with Sabatier that "man is incurably religious;" that religion springs up naturally in the human soul, is not imposed upon it from without, supernaturally. I have much more confidence in the aspirations of the plain people than in the creeds and edicts of hierarchies, ancient or modern, Catholic or Protestant. I cannot separate my political from my religious faith; they are equally democratic, equally founded on my faith in my fellow-men. I cannot conceive of faith in God that does not involve faith in man; I cannot justify faith in man that is not founded on faith in God.

Therefore I believe in education as the right of every man. It is inherent and inalienable. Neither the State nor the parent can justly deny it to any child. Every child has a divine right to an opportunity to become all that his Father hopes and intends for him. Therefore I believe in the public school system for African, and North American Indian, and Chinaman, and Japanese, at home; and for Porto Rican, and Hawaiian, and Filipino abroad. Therefore I hate, with hatred too strong for words, the greed that robs the child of this his divine birthright and sets him to work in the mine and the factory. Therefore also I believe that this education should be industrial as well as literary, and moral as well as intellectual—the training of the will as well as the instruction of the intellect. It should be a preparation for life, and therefore a preparation in self-knowledge as well as in knowledge of the world, and for self-government as well as for obedience.

Because I believe in man's inherent capacity for self-government, I believe in his right to industrial liberty. To take that industrial liberty from him is to rob him of his divine inheritance. And industrial liberty means at least this: the right of men to choose their work and to receive the full value of the service which that work renders to the community. Because slavery denied this right to the African race in this country, I joined the ranks of the Republican party fifty years ago in its campaign, under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln, against slavery. Because capitalism denies this right to the laborers and claims that the capitalist must allot to them their work and determine its conditions and its reward, I am inflexibly opposed to capitalism. Because State Socialism would deny this right to the laborers and would allow the State to allot to them their work and determine its conditions and its rewards, I am equally opposed to State Socialism. I do not believe that America will get industrial rest, nay! I hope that America will not get industrial rest, until she gets an industrial condition in which the capitalists will labor and the laborers will be capitalists, and industrial partnership will take the place of industrial autocracy.

The right to govern one's self does not involve the right to govern some one else. Suffrage is not a natural right. No man ought to be given the right to share in governing others until he has developed the ability to govern himself. For this reason I believe in a qualified suffrage. The qualifications hit upon by certain of our Southern States seem to me excellent if they are equally and justly applied—qualifications that require, before a man can vote, that he shall have intelligence enough to read, thrift enough to have saved a little money, and patriotism enough to have paid his taxes. Similar qualifications might well be applied in all the Territories belonging to and under the sovereignty of the United States.

But the right to govern one's self does involve the right of the locality to govern itself in all those matters which concern only the locality, the right of the State to govern itself in all those matters which

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concern only the State, and the right of the Nation to govern itself in all those matters which concern the Nation.

For this reason I believe in local option. Local option is not a political device to get rid of the temperance question. As it is the right of every man to determine for himself what he will eat and what he will drink, so it is the right of every community to determine whether it will have saloons. For the same reason I am opposed to State and National prohibition. This is not merely because experience has demonstrated that a prohibitory law cannot be enforced in a State unless previous education has created a State-wide conviction in favor of it; it is because one part of the State has no right to enforce its ethical ideals on another part of the State on a question on which ideals so widely differ, and when the benefits or evils of one policy or the other are mainly confined to the locality.

For the same reason I believe in home rule for our cities. The population of New York City is almost equal to that of all the Colonies at the time of the Revolution. The same fundamental principle—the right of self-government—which gave the Colonies the right to govern themselves in matters which concerned only themselves, gives the city the right to govern itself in all those matters which concern only the city. The city is more competent to manage its own affairs than a Legislature relatively ignorant of its conditions and but slightly interested in its welfare.

For this reason also I believe in States' rights. The phrase is odious in certain quarters because of historical associations, but what the words really mean I believe in. I believe that the representatives of the people of Illinois can manage the affairs of the State of Illinois better than they would be managed by the representatives of the Nation at Washington. The representatives of Illinois understand Illinois better and are more interested in its welfare. But if this were not true, still I should believe in the right of the people of Illinois to manage the affairs of Illinois. It is their right because those affairs are their business. Local, city, and State self-government is simply the political application of the motto, "Mind your own business." For this reason also I do not believe in elaborate Constitutions like that of Oklahoma. They are founded on distrust of the people. I believe that the people can be trusted to elect competent, honest, and efficient legislators, and, if they fail to do so, to learn the lesson of their failure and do better next time. And the moral and intellectual education furnished by such failures is worth all that it costs.

Because I believe in the capacity, and therefore the right, of men to govern themselves, I believe in the right of the members of a political party to select their candidate, not merely to elect between two candidates selected for them; that is, I believe in the direct primary. I believe that the people will make wiser and better selection than will be made for them by irresponsible and self-appointed bosses. For the same reason I believe in the popular election of United States Senators. The organization of machinery which will enable the people to both nominate and elect their Senators will secure a better representation of the people and a smaller representation of special interests than the present method.

As I believe in the right of the individual to govern himself, as I believe in the right, because in the capacity, of the locality, the city, the State, to govern itself, so I believe in the capacity and the right of the people of the Nation to govern the Nation. The people will make mistakes, but they will learn from their mistakes; for they will suffer from them. But when the autocrat makes mistakes, he does not learn from the mistakes, because not he but the people suffer from them. It is just as democratic for the people of the Nation to control National affairs as it is for the people of the city to control city affairs; it is just as undemocratic to deny to the people of the Nation the right to control the affairs of the Nation as to deny to the people of the city the right to control the affairs of the city. The extension of the National territory and the increase of population have necessarily involved an extension of these powers of the people. The increase of the complexity of our civilization has necessarily increased the difficulty and the perplexity of the political problem. But that is no reason for abandoning

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the fundamental principle of popular self-government, the principle that the people of the Nation are to govern the Nation; it is no reason for turning over the National affairs to the individual States or to private corporations.

The history of the Nation has been, as The Outlook has recently pointed out, a succession of extensions of National power, keeping pace with the extension of the Nation. The New Nationalism is only a continuation of this historical process. Its latest development is twofold: the right of the people to exercise, through the proper officials, such a strict supervision as will make the highways of the Nation open to the use of all the people on equal terms; and the right of the people to keep the ownership and the control of such mineral and forest lands and such water power sites as now belong to them, that they may not fall under the control of private and unregulated monopoly. The people have a right to manage their own property if they think they can manage it for their own interests better than it can be managed for them. They have a right to do for themselves whatever they think they can do better in their own interests than they can have done for them by private enterprise. I believe that under their supervision their coal mines will be better managed in the public interests than are the coal mines of Pennsylvania. Therefore I believe that the Government should retain its ownership of and supervision over its mines, forests, and water power sites. I believe that they can carry their packages through the post-office and transmit their messages by telegraph better than this service is now done for them by the express companies and the telegraph companies. Therefore I believe in a parcels post and in postal telegraphy.

All people must be governed, either by themselves or by some one else. Those in whom the ability of self-government has not yet been developed must be governed; but it is the duty of all governments to govern in the interest of the governed, and the first interest of the governed is to become self-governing. It is therefore a first duty of the government, whether of the parent over his children, the teacher over his pupils, or the American Nation over peoples which have come under its sovereignty, to govern them for the purpose of making them at the earliest possible moment self-governing.

Because I believe in the capacity of the people for self-government, I believe in a strong executive. The founders of the Constitution were wise not to enumerate the powers of the President, as they did enumerate the powers of Congress; they did wisely in conferring upon him in general terms all the executive powers which belong, in a constitutional government, to its executive head. There is no peril to the Republic in a strong executive; there would be much peril to it in a weak executive. No danger was threatened by Washington in marching troops into Pennsylvania to put down the Whisky Rebellion; none by Lincoln in emancipating by executive act the slaves in the seceding States; none by Cleveland in sending troops, despite the protests of the Governor of Illinois, to protect the mails from mobs. But great peril came to the Republic when Buchanan failed to enforce Federal authority in the Southern States because the Constitution did not give him explicit directions so to do. There is no danger in a strong executive so long as every four years the President must render an account of his Administration to the people and receive their verdict upon it. Fear of Presidential usurpation springs from distrust of the popular judgment and the popular courage. I believe in the intelligence and I believe in the courage of the American people. Therefore I believe in a strong executive.

The peril to the American Republic comes from a very different quarter. It comes from irresponsible oligarchs who talk glibly of popular rights while they are robbing the people; from corrupt bosses in alliance with corrupt and corrupting plutocrats, who hire repeaters, bribe voters, stuff ballot-boxes, corrupt legislators, and turn attention from their own rascality by conjuring up the specter of a "man on horseback." Such men poison the stream of liberty at its spring and source. Brought to trial and convicted, they should be forever disfranchised and made forever incapable of holding office. No man who knowingly owes his election to a corrupted electorate should ever be

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allowed to sit in a legislative assembly—municipal, State, or National. He is as truly a traitor to the Republic as Aaron Burr or Benedict Arnold.

"Even if, on a first view of it," says Professor John MacCunn, summarizing the political philosophy of Professor Thomas Hill Green, of Oxford, "the course of history might seem to be no more than the secular product of private human wills and circumstances, it was precisely his analysis of the action of human wills as found in moral and political experience that convinced Green that neither human achievement nor aspiration could be made intelligible except through the presence in so-called secular affairs of that universal spiritual force to which the religious consciousness had never failed to bear witness." The great world movements have thus both a divine power and a divine significance. The New Nationalism is such a world movement. It is a movement for individual liberty and for social coherence and co-operation. It is seen in the establishment of the Republic of a united France on an apparently firm foundation; in the unification of Germany and the growth of German democracy; in the liberation and unification of Italy; in the democratic development of Great Britain and the more intimate connection of the mother country with her colonies, foreshadowing a federation in the near future; in the contemporaneous development of democracy and Nationalism in the United States; and in the simultaneous beginnings of representative government and of centralization in China. Liberty and union are not antagonists; they are inseparable companions. No election can halt or even much delay such a world development. I believe that the present election will promote rather than impede it. When the dust and confusion of the immediate conflict have rolled away, the future historian will see in it a popular revolt against political and industrial oligarchy, and will note as its most distinctive fact that this movement kindled so enthusiastic a devotion in a growing section of the Republican party that its leaders preferred to hazard political defeat rather than to compromise fundamental principles.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE OXFORD SPIRIT

While Lord Curzon is urging the omission of Greek from the group of compulsory studies at Oxford, a new, dignified, and enjoyable edition of the complete works of Walter Pater[1] is coming from the press. The author of "Marius" is not one of the intellectually athletic sons of Oxford, like Matthew Arnold, nor one of the deeply religious spirits like Wesley, Newman, and Maurice, who kept the lamp of piety burning on the old shrine. He is typical of a large group of writers and scholars trained at the University whose special note has been ripeness of mind and a quality of culture which is produced in a meditative atmosphere and in places in which nature is a teacher of penetrating and pervasive influence. The German universities have rendered immense service to scholarship in all departments; but the peculiar atmosphere of Oxford and Cambridge does not invest them. It is true, they are enfolded, so to speak, by a tradition of good fellowship, of familiarity with nature bred in long cross-country walks in vacation—a kind of survival of the days when students traveled from university to university in pursuit of noted teachers or special facilities. But while the landscape about Heidelberg is enchanting, the University is shabbily housed in the town; and while Bonn, where the sons of the old aristocracy are largely trained, stands on the Rhine, at the gateway to its most beautiful scenery and richest historical and legendary associations, its buildings are without dignity of design or size.

In Oxford and Cambridge, on the other hand, a good part of the education secured by the students is insensibly imparted by gardens as ripe in charm as the best of the classics which are read in them, and by groups of venerable buildings of which one may say, as Thucydides said of the temples at Athens, that the sight of them is a daily delight. Emerson, with true divination of the sources of elusive but shaping influence, once asked in Williamstown why the names of the mountains were not printed in the list of instructors; in Oxford and Cambridge the

[1] The Complete Works of Walter Pater. Ten volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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housing and environment of the Universities make themselves felt before the visitor has asked his first question about the methods of teaching or the forms of organization.

Much thorough work in the way of instruction is done at both institutions, but, especially in Oxford, the most distinctive education is atmospheric; it is imparted out of doors in gardens, on the river, in cricket-fields, as much as in lecture-rooms, libraries, and chapels. It is not easy to define atmosphere in a locality, a college, a man, or a book; but to those who hold that education is something greater and deeper than discipline, training, and the teaching of facts, it is not only a real but a very fruitful element of power and charm. Practical training in all fields is of immense importance; in this country it is of pressing importance; but it is not the only nor is it the final form of education. Some of our higher schools and many of our intermediate schools lack it so completely that they are mere gymnasiums where intellectual muscles are strengthened, senses made acute, and quickness of mind secured, without any forming of personality, any enrichment of the spirit, any liberation of the imagination. This kind of training goes on in a light as hard and cold as that which pervades some of the restaurants framed, so to speak, in white tile and permeated by a glare of electricity. It was this hard, uninspiring, external education which Lowell had in mind when he said that this is the most public-schooled and least educated country in the world. It must not be forgotten that these words apply only to a type of public schools; there are other and finer types.

Oxford has been reformed several times already, and doubtless is in sore need of further reformation. Goldwin Smith had a share in a somewhat radical series of reforms effected by Parliament many years ago, and writes in his "Reminiscences" that he helped destroy an Eden. There was solid intrenchment of privilege and notable abuse of generous foundations in the old days, and there is doubtless serious misuse of great educational facilities at the University to-day. A somewhat bitter Scotchman said, not long ago, that there were three great tyrannies in England—the Established Church, the Court, and Oxford; and in a country in which social position and influence play a great part, there is doubtless more fact than fancy in this statement.

Oxford is not lacking in poor students, but it has long been a training-ground for the aristocracy, and has played a great part in the education of the rulers of the British Empire. It is true that it educates the rich, but does anybody question their need of education? So far as Oxford is a stronghold of privilege it ought to be reformed; so far as its methods are antiquated they ought to be modernized; but even those who are deeply interested in democratic education, in practical, business, trade, and vocational schools of all kinds, would find great reason for sorrow if its educational ideals were abandoned. There is need of and room for schools, like Oxford, which do not deal with the professions or work, but with the man; which cherish the spirit of devotion to those things of the spirit and the mind in which the fullness and wholeness of life is gathered up. With this quality of education the study of Greek has been bound up; there are many schools in which it ought not to be compulsory because vocational education is not concerned with it; but there are also schools in which it must hold its place if education is to make room for all the great interests of the spirit,

"If precious be the soul of man to man."

Oxford will be slow to make Greek optional; the University is conservative and the procedure of change is complicated. The radical attitude of opposition to Greek taken in this country by many men a quarter of a century ago has been modified, and it is not uncommon today to hear heads of colleges express regret that Greek has practically disappeared from the courses of study in many American institutions. The Chancellor and the Hebdomadal Council favor making Greek optional in the University; but the Congregation (made up of holders of the degrees of Master or Doctor resident in Oxford) and Convocation (which includes all Masters and Doctors who have kept their names on the books of their colleges) must concur before the change can be

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made. It is part of a plan to introduce instruction in business, accountancy, and other kinds of practical training into an institution devoted to other ideals of education at a time when the facilities for technical, vocational, and practical education are being multiplied in England, and when the attendance of American students in considerable numbers is provided for by the Rhodes Foundation. There will be many Americans who will welcome such changes of spirit and method at Oxford as will do away with abuses and secure greater efficiency, but who would regard any change of educational ideals and of the atmospheric quality of Oxford University teaching as a loss to English-speaking peoples.

Among the later group of writers whose work is saturated with the Oxford atmosphere, Pater holds a place by himself. His quality is not easily definable, because it is atmospheric, but it is as distinct as if it were a tangible thing. It resides partly in the temperament of the man, partly in the suffusion of his style with his imagination, partly in his unfailing sense of the rootage of custom, thought, faith, and ritual in the innermost nature of man. "Literature," he said, "is the representation of fact connected with soul." This is one of the secrets of the charm of Oxford: its genius for humanizing the hardest facts and the most abstract thought. "To the absolute beauty of its artistic form," he wrote of a piece of modern writing, "is added the accidental, tranquil charm of familiarity. It comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what long experience has shown will at least never displease us." This is the source of another charm of Oxford: its unfailing sense of the vital relation of a fact or thought to the past. This is a tap root of that richness of quality, that ripeness of temper, which set it in contrast to the rawness and crudity of much current writing. Pater's "Study of Dionysus" and his "Demeter and Persephone" illustrate his skill in recalling a vanished background of faith and feeling and in making his figures live in and through it. He had in rare measure the power of imaginative reproduction.

Pater's limitations and defects are as obvious as his strength, and the attempt to organize those who find pleasure in his work into a cult, and to place him among great writers, is doomed to failure; he belongs with the "little masters," to use a French classification. At his best his style has eloquence and elegance; at his worst, as in the essay on "Style," it is involved and heavy. He is sometimes affected and given to "preciosity," and his work lacks fiber and manliness of tone. His contribution to the literature of the time, however, has been neither small nor unimportant. He was always serious, nearly always charming, at times penetrating and luminous.

THE CHEAPENING OF RELIGION

Thus entitled, a thoughtful paper in the "Atlantic" for October gives caution to the churches and preachers now awakening to their responsibilities for leadership in moral reforms. Philanthropy, though divine, is not the whole of religion. Religion is concerned for more than the brotherhood of man. Its central interest is not in well-ordered external conditions and social relations. Religion is devitalized by any reduction to terms, however glowing, of a mere enthusiasm for humanity. It is inevitably cheapened by any dimming of its vision of the Eternal One in whom we live, by any substitution of a man-made Utopia for the holy community of the Republic of God. It is significant that such a warning is given by a representative of the social groups for social justice in which the churches have begun to manifest the interest which characterizes genuine religion.

That it is a needful warning is indubitable. There is no more common error than contentment with the half of truth or duty, no failure so frequent as in seeing things whole, the outside and the inside together. The outside interests of religion are now beginning to obtain the due attention long neglected. A few years ago it was thought sufficient if the pulpit gave a half-hour on some National occasion—the Fourth of July, or Thanksgiving Day—to the concerns of Christian citizenship. Now the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ calls for advocacy of the bill of rights which it has drawn for

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organized effort to lift crushing burdens from the toiling masses. Thousands of newly formed Christian Brotherhoods are undertaking with aggressive effort to apply Christian principles to social problems and civic interests. Churches of various names in New York and other cities are giving an hour every Sunday, and even extra hours, to burning questions for whose righteous solution they have heard a call to moral and religious leadership. And a few extremists here and there are calling for a new church and a new religion, predominantly or exclusively humanitarian and mundane.

Such a call as this justifies the warning uttered against the cheapening of religion. The present writer knows of counsel privately given to a warm-hearted preacher of social righteousness not to neglect to water its vital root in God through engrossment with its leaf and fruit. This danger does exist, but is not yet so serious as still is that of cheapening religion in the opposite way, the same as when the priest and the Levite in the parable left the helpless victim of robbers to his fate. This still needs, though less than formerly, the prophet's warning. For religion in its institutional forms has been pitifully cheapened in its esteem by millions of our countrymen, and millions of the Orientals to whom we send missionaries, by the inefficiency till recently shown by the third of our people now in church membership against the excesses of lawlessness and greed. "What has the Church been doing," asked Dr. Gladden three years ago from the Moderator's chair in the National Congregational Council, "while these powers of piracy and plunder have been gathering their forces, and spreading their nets, and heaping up their spoils? . . . The Church has lifted up no clear and effectual protest." That just reproach is at length beginning to be canceled by works meet for repentance. The dawn of the new era of morally efficient religion appears in the rise of the new evangelism that is patterned after Jesus' proclamation of it at Nazareth as the mission of the Spirit of God: "To preach good tidings to the poor; . . . to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." Of such religion there can be no cheapening so long as its root is watered, as Jesus watered it, in constant communion with God.

The writer in the "Atlantic" pronounces the programme of the Federated Churches all right, but foresees "a peck of trouble" in working it out. He thinks that its preachers will sooner or later have to "take sides" in the issues between Socialists and anti-Socialists, suffragists and anti-suffragists, advocates of the eight-hour working-day and its antagonists. Of the cases instanced he fails to see that only one—the shortened work-day—depends on Christian principles for just adjudication. A deeper misapprehension than this must be noted. Sides must indeed be taken whenever Christian principle is at stake. Not, however, by the Church as an organization politically active, but by its members as individual citizens politically co-operating to make the commonwealth a republic of God. In any such issue the function of the preacher in the pulpit, as the official teacher of religion, is analogous to that of the judge on the bench, who, as a minister of justice, puts the case before the jury in an impartial review of all the evidence, with a clear statement of the law according to which they must decide. The "peck of trouble" is to be apprehended only when the minister of religion, through excess of zeal or lack of caution, oversteps the boundary that separates the function of the pulpit from that of the party platform.

THE SPECTATOR

In his childhood the Spectator used to own, along with his first morocco-topped boots, certain little red and blue, yellow and purple picture books that stirred his imagination and held his attention to the end of the story, when he would turn the leaves through the book to live in its pictures all the adventures over again. Those books had been left so far behind on the trail of life that he was scarcely prepared to encounter one when on a recent vacation —or at least an enlarged copy, that thrilled him with childish memories. Like Alice, he rubbed his eyes and gazed again, for, instead of being outside the book, as he had been in boyhood, he was now moving among its very pages. Up the long vil-

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lage street he wandered, passing houses whose roofs sloped almost to the ground, houses with tall red chimneys squarely mapped against green elms and blue sky, exact and vivid as they had been on the well-remembered pages of the books. The street led, as he knew it would, right into the village green, which fell short of the earlier picture only because the indispensable flock of white geese were not dotting the green of the somewhat neglected sward. But no disappointment attached to the steepled meeting-house which stood facing it, nor to the familiar weather-beaten pinkness of its color, which could never have been produced by anything but the printer's dye-pot, nor have been applied by means more modern than those of the hand-press.

The Spectator stepped up on one of the flat-surfaced rocks that cropped through the grass before the church, and was looking about him, still with the unreal sensation of being but half awake, when a pleasant-faced old man with humorous blue eyes (an agreeable addition to the picture-book personnel, their artists having been rather weak in figure-drawing) joined him, and asked good-naturedly, "Are you looking for the mark of the cloven hoof?"

"No," replied the Spectator; "I shouldn't think of looking for it in such an unlikely place. The devil stirs up strife, and you seem to be particularly peaceful here."

"We haven't always been—according to the story," answered the old native; and forthwith he told the legend. How the devil, in Colonial days, when he was a much more respected personage than he is now, had firmly ensconced himself in the North Meeting-House. How dissensions and even scandal were the constant fruit of his machinations, and how the parson worked and labored and spent himself in his efforts to dislodge his satanic enemy. At last he invited a brother minister to occupy his pulpit for a time—"a most God-fearing man," said the informant. While this may or may not have been a reflection upon the regular incumbent, the newcomer seems, at any rate, to have been eloquent as well as God-fearing—"a powerful exhorter," according to the little old man—and when he had finished a particularly powerful sermon one morning, Satan could stand it no longer. With a long-drawn and demoniac shriek, he sprang out of the meeting-house, alighting for an instant on the identical rock where the Spectator stood and leaving upon it a deep impression from one of his cloven feet. With a little difficulty the Spectator traced the historic imprint, which so pleased the narrator of this thrilling (and demonstrable) tale that he offered himself as guide to the pirate's house down by the river.

This was not merely strolling through the pictures of a toy book, it was making personal acquaintance with its characters; even Alice could do no better than this, thought the Spectator, as he turned expectantly toward the river with this chance guide, who was so in harmony with the presswork of his entire surroundings. Harry Mayne, the Spectator immediately learned, was a particularly bold and wicked pirate. As he had always preferred them so in his boyhood, he felt most elated that in this new picture book was a good swaggering hero. It was a little disappointing not to find the house in which this pirate's evil plans must have been laid older-looking and *blacker* than it was. Whether the Spectator had actually expected to see the Jolly Roger flying from it he hardly knew, but truth compelled him to admit—ready as he was to put everything into the most favorable coloring—that the old house next door to Harry's would have been a much more appropriate dwelling-place for any one of piratical tendencies. Of course this very fact seemed to "clinch" the Harry Mayne legend, for if it were a fabrication its author must have been awake to the advantage of locating the miscreant sea robber in the most appropriate house the river-bank afforded.

About the situation there could be no quarreling with tradition. Even as the Spectator gazed, the tidal river came seeping up into the ruts of the narrow roadway which was the only separation between its rightful bank and Harry Mayne's front door. (Did pirates ever use front doors, by the way?) Given a

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high tide and a black stormy night—the proper adjuncts always of piratedom—and the redoubtable Harry could slip up from the ocean with his fellow-villains, their boats weighted low with prizes wrested from their victims, their hands staining the oars as they rowed, and their evil hearts moved only by one fear: each that he might be the one selected by their wicked leader to help him bury the treasure inland. "For the man who went with Harry on that errand," said the Spectator's informant, significantly, "never was seen again, alive or dead." One couldn't help wondering what "the powerful exhorter" was doing while these atrocities were going on; but perhaps they were not contemporaneous; or it may be that Satan's historic leap from the church only carried him as far as the river shore.

Even after his glimpse at this rather lurid picture the Spectator found, to his delight, that the pages were not all turned. For, walking up the slow incline of Town Hill, from which tiny gray-green orchards, gambrel-roofed houses, and occasional well-sweeps kept up the toy-book illusion, he suddenly looked out upon a picture that made all his memories of childhood seem to him but a pale imagining of what fairyland could be. There, stretching away into an amethyst mist of enchantment, lay curve on curve of vivid turquoise blue, winding through the sedgy green that formed a background for its splendid color.

"It is a dragon," said the Spectator to himself, still filled with the intoxication of having dipped into the picture-book land; "a great blue dragon, lying in wait for some beautiful Princess, and probably sleeping now under the spell that has been cast upon him by her delivering Knight with the aid of the Good Fairy's talisman." But by that time his imagination fairly creaked, it had been so long unused, and in his exhaustion he rested on a convenient table-stone (for an old burying-ground of Colonial times shared with the elms the top of the hill) and gazed again at the wonderful view. Coil on coil the brilliant monster lay along the salt meadows, slowly changing his sleeping attitude, and from hour to hour assuming new curves and throwing out threadlike tentacles at the command of the masterful tides of the ocean, which ruled him sleeping or waking.

"Are you an artic?" questioned a childish voice in the Spectator's ear.

"Am I what?" asked the Spectator, forgetting all his flowery words in his bewilderment at the boy's question.

"Ain't you a *artic?*" repeated the boy; "a red-headed feller what paints?"

The Spectator's hair is distinctly black—where it isn't gray—so this part of the query required no disclaimer, however much it might surprise.

"No, I don't paint," said the accosted one—not without regret. "Do you think any one could paint *that?*"

"They tries it," asserted the boy, with irony that was probably unconscious. "Say, if you give me a dime, I'll take yer to Heartbreak Hill."

The contrast between this sentimental suggestion and the urchin was a delight. The Spectator produced the dime, but refused the trip. This present hill with its magical view, he felt, was quite heartbreaking enough, particularly as he had not the talent even to try to transfer it to canvas.

"What will you do with it?" the Spectator asked, as the boy played with the bit of silver. "Buy gibber-alters," came the prompt information, as though there were only one possible thing to do with a dime. The Spectator instantly arose. He didn't take the boy's hand—because it was too dirty—but he walked beside him to the little grocery, which was just such a little grocery as it should have been (since it couldn't be a dame-shop), and its colors were chiefly yellow and purple. There he imitated the boy's extravagance, and laid out a dime in gibraltars. He put them into his pocket, and felt no shame in eating them openly as he wandered through the still unexplored pages of Ipswich town. He crunched reminiscently, for of a verity he had not tasted a peppermint gibraltar since the days when their succulent crumbs often fell between the leaves of his pink and blue, green and violet picture books.

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THE MOTOR CRAZE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE are those who think that the Americans have gone crazy about automobiles. A good many lookers-on have been thinking so and saying so, and we have all read the stories about folks who mortgaged their houses to buy autos, and other stories about the anxieties, compunctions, and disapprovals of bankers because people would borrow money to buy autos, against the bankers' advice. A good many observers bear a grudge against this new object of expenditure. People with bonds to sell have not been able for some time past to sell them to their satisfaction. Such persons incline to think that too much of the money that ought to go into bonds has gone into automobiles. Piano-makers report that too many of the people who ought to be buying pianos are spending all their spare money on autos. The watchmakers tell a similar tale, and so on, and so on.

It is undeniable that much money has been and is being spent on motors and the maintenance of them, on men to drive them, clothes to wear in them, and gasoline to make them go. Five hundred millions a year seems as good an estimate as any of the annual cost of automobiles and their up-keep in this country at this time. About half of this sum is believed to go for the purchase of machines; the other half represents the cost of riding around in all the autos in commission and keeping them on the road.

Is that too much? The "World" Almanac says that our manufactured products are worth fifteen billions a year, and our farm products eight billions. We have other resources—petroleum and various metals—that we dig out of the ground, worth two or three more billions, and altogether our products furnish us with considerable spending money. Now, is half a billion a year too much for us to be spending on automobiles? The statisticians insist that we spend two billions and a half every year on spirituous drinks, and defenders of the automobile say that we might far better cut down on that expenditure, or even pinch a little on tobacco or diamonds, than try to starve the automobile industry. But that isn't practicable. The people who drink ninety-five hundredths of the beer, whisky, and other fluids of consolation haven't spent anything for autos, and are not likely to. Probably it would be good for them to cut down their rum bills, but not in many cases would the money so saved go to buy motors. But undoubtedly the money that goes into motors is diverted from something; either from being spent for something else or saved. The mere diversion of it hurts for a time until things get readjusted, but the question in the long run is whether the automobiles are as well worth the money that goes into them as those things are that the money would have gone into if there had been no automobiles to gobble it up.

Consider first the money that rich people used to spend on fine horses and carriages. That was purely an expenditure for luxury. Whether all that money goes to pay for horses, harnesses, carriages, coachmen, grooms, hay, oats, straw, and bran, or for automobiles, chauffeurs, and gasoline, doesn't make any particular economic difference.

Neither does it matter economically whether money is spent in hiring hacks, hansoms, and four-wheel cabs, or for taxicabs. The value of a certain number of fine vehicles and cabs is destroyed by the change in fashion, but that's no killing matter. A lot of coachmen and cabmen are thrown out of employment, and that is sad, but all kinds of industrial progress see such incidents. In so far as the automobile can supersede the horse by doing certain things better than the horse can do them, there is nothing to regret about the substitution. The statisticians say that the automobile has got the job away from about five hundred thousand horses and is saving the money that they cost. There are about twenty-one million horses and colts and three million mules still left. Some of them will be superseded; probably very many; but there will continue to be a visible supply of horses all over the country until the autos learn more generally to plow,

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harrow, and cultivate corn. They can do it now, but not economically on small farms.

Whether the rich people spend their money on automobiles or other articles of luxury and pride makes no economic difference. They have got the money. The most anxiety seems to rage over the people who are believed to buy and run automobiles that they can't afford. There is not such a vast number of these people as we are apt to think. The statisticians say that there are about three hundred and fifty thousand autos now in use in this country. Nearly half of them must belong to people of ample incomes. Let us guess that two hundred thousand belong to persons whose incomes are not ample, and who run their machines themselves, and have to adjust their other expenditures very carefully to this new strain on their resources. It is not a question with farmers whether they can afford to have horses. They must have horses. They can't farm without them in this country, where it has never been the fashion to plow with women and cows. Automobiles fit into the work of many owners just as horses fit into farming. Doctors, when their practice reaches a certain point, find autos economical. So do thousands of business men in various vocations. They can do more than enough more work, if they have an auto to save their strength and time, to pay for the auto and keep it running. And for men who have a great deal of flitting about to do a modest auto easily becomes more economical than a sufficient number of horses to do the necessary work.

The chief expense of keeping an auto is the chauffeur's wages, and the annual charge off of twenty-five per cent for depreciation. I see in a table of the cost of running a $2,500 machine depreciation put at $650; chauffeur's wages at $1,300; and all other expenses about $900. So, the annual cost of a $1,000 runabout is put at $250 for depreciation, and about $300 for everything else. That means, unless the table lied, that after a first investment of $1,000, an expenditure of $50 a month will keep a runabout going indefinitely, provided you can run it yourself and have a place to keep it. Out of the 350,000 American autos there must be a considerable proportion that do not cost more than $600 a year to maintain, and many that cost less.

Of course a man whose time is valuable and fully employed can't afford to spend much of it tinkering machinery; but for a man who does like to tinker, and has a turn for mechanics, and can afford to use some of his own time in his own way, some kind of an automobile seems a natural prey. Just as in a hunting country there will be men who will have horses of their own that they can ride to hounds without having resources at all adequate to owning and keeping such horses, so in the day of the automobile there are sure to be many natural automobilists to whom fiscal exiguity is merely an obstacle to be surmounted on the road to possession of something steerable that will go by gasoline on four wheels, and go fast. There are youths who become wonderfully wise about these new toys, and at a minimum of cost. There was Harley, a college undergraduate living on an allowance of less than a thousand dollars a year. Automobiles amused and interested him. Somebody gave him five hundred dollars, which he nursed for a time and added to. Presently he bought an auto for about eight hundred dollars. College boys have plenty of time, and Harley lavished time on that auto. He went to school to it and learned all it could teach. He took it all apart, put it together, rebuilt it upside down, taught it tricks, increased its speed, used it constantly and not always with entire prudence, and sacrificed to it what was necessary, going cheerfully for its sake without soap, new clothes, and social dissipations. When he had done everything he could to it, he swapped it for another, and rebuilt that, giving it the benefit of his talents and experience, to the great interest and admiration of the men at the garage where he kept it, who stood around and watched him while he worked. Of course Harley got his money's worth out of his auto in the improvement of his talents, besides what fun he had. But he had leisure and an excellent head for mechanics. What the effect of the distribution of hundreds of thousands of these complicated machines throughout the country upon the minds of American youth is to be, is a thing worth considering. Automobiles

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get a great deal nearer to the masses of the American people than steam-engines ever did. Most of the growing boys seem to know more or less about them and how they go—a great deal more, indeed, than average American boys have ever taken the trouble to know about a horse.

In the matter of innocent pleasures, especially of the sort that men and women can enjoy together, we Americans are not over-well provided. Among the most attractive claims that are made for the automobile are these—that it helps to promote social relations, to bring villages and small cities into closer touch with big ones, to increase knowledge of local geography, and to make village and farm life livelier and more attractive. These claims seem already to be pretty well founded. A little while ago any village that was not on a railway was apt to be pretty dead. It is benumbing to the mind to live out of the current of contemporary affairs. That has been the worst feature of American country life for the last half-century. The people on the back roads lived too isolated. They did not see enough people go by the door. The country people constantly drifted to the villages or the smaller cities, and to people from the smaller cities the life of the big cities looked far livelier and richer in opportunity than life at home. Country boys and girls felt strongly that there was small chance of their ever having a due amount of fun unless they got to town. It was not that the average of wealth and ease was so much higher in the cities, but that there was more society, and life was more stimulating and seemed more interesting. People can live and make livings in the country if they know how and will work, and it is not very hard to learn how. The great problem is to make life in the country seem to them interesting. Successive things have helped of late years to bring that about. The telephone has helped, so has the bicycle, so has the trolley car, so have electric power and light, so has rural delivery, and, latest of all, the automobile. Comparatively few farmers as yet have automobiles, but the new machine has carried life into the country. It has extended the suburbs of the cities, has been the biggest force in improving the roads, and has drawn upon the taxpayers of the cities to share the cost. Good roads make an enormous difference in the liveliness of country life. It is only since automobiles made it possible to travel long distances in a short time on the highways that the people of the cities, and especially the heavier taxpayers of the cities, have taken a hearty interest in country roads and have been willing to be taxed for their maintenance.

Past the window where I write runs a State road, well built and kept nowadays in excellent repair. I have known it as a road, but not as a State road, for fifty years. I remember it as a plank road, then as a turnpike kept in semi-repair, but always pretty bad in winter; then as a town road, kept not even in semi-repair, but spasmodically picked at by farmers working out their road tax. The soil is heavy, proper stone for road-building is not indigenous to it, and what handy stone the soil did contain grew scarce years ago. Four miles in one direction is a city. In the other direction the road stretches south through a succession of small villages four or five miles apart. In all the fifty years I never traveled south on that road more than eight or nine miles till, the other day, in a couple of hours, an auto carried me thirty or forty miles around through villages and country that I had heard of since I had heard of anything, but had never seen before, and never would have taken the time to see if that auto had not shown them to me. That is what the autos are doing every day—showing the country to people who never would see it if there were not autos to show it to them. They not only show the country to the people, but show the people to the country. For the country likes and needs to see people, and, in spite of the dust the autos make and the increased hazards they have brought to users of the highway, they make the farmers who see them feel nearer to the centers of population, and make the farmers' children feel that, after all, they are not necessarily "out of it," and that there are things to be had, which are sure to be more generally attainable presently, that will divide all rural distances by four or five, and increase neighborliness and diversion.

It is an enthusiastic maker of automo-

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biles who says that the country has been absorbing about a million horse-drawn vehicles a year, but that "every single owner of a horse-drawn vehicle of the simplest and cheapest type will ultimately be a buyer of a motor-driven vehicle." That seems an extravagant forecast. It belongs more to the department of the imagination than to that of calculation, but just now it is making steady progress towards fulfillment, and how far it will go in the next twenty years it is better to guess at than to try to foretell. The people who must have horses for agricultural work will use them on the road, but people whose only use for horses is to haul them on the road are likely, more and more, to drift toward the motor-driven vehicle. A horse is a constant care—almost as much trouble as a baby. Three times a day some one must give him food and water. You can't leave him in the stable for two or three days without attention. He must be on somebody's mind all the time. If he is not exercised, there is trouble. If you lay him off in winter, you have to pay his board. But you can turn the lock on an automobile and go away for an indefinite time, and, though it may be the worse for neglect, it will not suffer from hunger or thirst or cold. If you are busy all the week and cannot use it, it will stand patiently until Saturday afternoon or Sunday. And if you lay it off temporarily, it is easier stored than a horse; and if you sell it after it has served you long and well, you need not suffer from compunctions or self-reproaches for fear it will fall into unkind hands and meet with mistreatment.

It is not that there is nothing to be said for a horse. God made the horse, and his personality beats that of any machine. There is companionship about him. The emotions produced in you by seeing a girl give her horse a lump of sugar are quite different from those excited by seeing a boy oil his auto. To drive a good horse on the back roads in the country where the automobiles don't come is pleasanter and more soothing than most of the things that can be done in autos. When you are not in a hurry, and the distance is less than ten miles, and the views are beautiful, it is often pleasanter to go behind a horse. And to ride a horse is altogether a different experience from any an auto can provide. They say that riding motor cycles is a pretty good sport for any one who is duly hardened to the degradation of it. To see young fellows go whirling by on those noisy little rattletraps with grown girls perched up in front of them is one of the most astonishing sights the contemporary roads afford. The hardihood of it seems appalling, but the girls seem calm about it, and it is a common form of country diversion. Motor-cycling, single or double, is not horseback-riding, but it must serve one end of that sport in that it must develop courage. After all, nothing points more convincingly to the future supremacy of the motor-driven vehicle than a motor cycle carrying double fifteen or twenty miles an hour on a country road. If the rising generation likes that, it makes it seem a short step to aeroplanes.

I am impressed with the sense of obligation of the automobile owners to provide casual transportation for the automobileless. Carriage people have always given horseless folks lifts on their way when occasion offered, but that sort of friendly aid has increased in proportion to the increased efficiency of the new vehicle. "Get in and I'll take you home" may mean that the automobile will go two or three miles out of its way, but that's a trifle to a hospitable motor car.

As to our having gone crazy about the automobile, let's see. No doubt the new vehicle is a mania to some extent. Its immense merits and attractions seem to have upset the prudence of a good many people. It is such a wonderful toy! Lots of people have felt that they must have one whether they had anything else or not, and so some homes have been mortgaged and some notes given that shouldn't have been. People have always been having manias. Now and then they go crazy about stocks, and very, very large sums of money change owners. It wasn't so long ago that people went crazy about tulips, and invested immense sums of money in them, and in the end they had—tulips. But the tulip mania was a speculation for a profit, more or less like the South Sea Bubble and the periodical enlargements of the imagination that give exhibitions in Wall Street. But there is

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no speculation about the buying of automobiles. The buying may be overdone, but it is based, not on misinformation or over-credulity, but on a powerful desire for an object of great merit. The place of the automobile in the rank of desirables is not yet established. What we want in this world is life. What gives the most life for the money is the best bargain. It is not necessarily scandalous that people should scrimp on houses and clothes in order to have more to spend on automobiles. There is nothing sacredly edifying about having more house than you need and sweating to maintain it. Neither is there so very much sanctification in store clothes. Usually every new luxury that we add to our apparatus of life increases the burdens that bend our backs, but this new luxury that goes by gasoline seems disposed to make a place for itself by crowding some of the other luxuries off. That shows spirit. If the auto and the house are going to compete, give them both fair play and let the fittest survive. The house is handy, but the doctors say that most of us would be a great deal healthier if we slept out of doors, and the minimum of house is often better for us than the maximum. Fine clothes and motor cars may compete, but warm clothes and motoring go together; neither do men pawn their overcoats in winter to buy gasoline.

People who have autos that they can't afford soon find it out. That is a sort of miscalculation that is certain to set itself right, and is setting itself right every day. The craze may make an inflated market, and that may cause overproduction, and readjustment from that may make a good deal of trouble. But that is all there is to fear. People who can't afford automobiles can't keep them long, but the people who can afford them are going on to have them. A vast number of the machines will earn their keep, and when an Edison or some one gets up a substitute for rubber and the builders succeed in cutting down the cost of manufacture, the use of them will spread to poorer people than can have them now, until perhaps, sometime, the sanguine manufacturer's forecast may come true, and every owner of a horse-drawn vehicle will be a buyer of a vehicle driven by a motor.

TO A MAPLE LEAF IN AUTUMN

("We all do fade as a leaf")

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

How like to Man art thou!
Canst thou thy change foresee—
What leaf upon the bough,
What bough upon the tree?

It was but yestere'en
Thou wert a loyal part
Of Summer's solid green
That stirred the grateful heart.

But Night upon thee blew
With pale and frosty breath,
And left thy natural hue
Aflame in glorious death.

Or was there from thy birth
An ichor in thy blood,
Transmuting the dull earth
To Autumn's golden flood?

Thy going is not grief:
Thy splendor shall but make
Soil for another leaf
That follows in thy wake.

I in my Autumn hour
Do envy thee in thine:
Thy joy-diffusing power,
The year's consummate wine.

The light of yonder tree
My keenest hurt doth salve;
Better the gold we see
Than all the gold we have.

When my green strength be stayed,
And frost shall summon me,
If like a leaf I fade,
Oh, let me fade like thee!

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THE YANKEE IN BRITISH FICTION

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL

SOME years ago an English author produced a sea tale having for one of its characters a Yankee "bucko" mate. So far as a non-nautical American reader may judge, this particular "type" seems to be a recast from actual life. Perhaps the dialect is not quite the perfection of the real thing, but it would serve fairly well had not the author, early in his narrative, thrust into the mouth of his Yankee the phrase "different to." Naturally a Briticism so peculiarly un-American as "different to" immediately "gives away the whole business," and thereafter the American reader is on the watch for similar lapses, and the illusion the author has tried to create of a live Yankee is hopelessly ruined. And though there are no other very bad slips, that simple little word "to," put where "from" ought to have been, suffices to brand the Yankee mate indelibly as "made in England."

In a recent number of a popular magazine appeared a story of Wild Western adventure written by an Englishman whose name is hardly known here. The yarn, which concerns an attempted lynching, is spun skillfully enough, yet there is an indescribable something amiss with the strands. The main weakness lies in the dialogue, for while it would doubtless pass current with a British public, it could not fail of a suspicious sniff from a discerning American reader, and would give him the impression that the author had written it from a faulty memory of American dialect as he had heard or read it, assisted by a lively imagination of what he thought it ought to be. And yet a critic would have almost as hard work to point out just what was wrong as would the author to set the wrong right.

No very close inspection of such examples as these, and others ranging all the way from "near-success" to ridiculous failure, is needed to convince the observer that the British story-writer who attempts to adorn his tale with a "sure-enough" Yankee character has before him a well-nigh impossible task.

In the year 1842, when Dickens spent eighteen days aboard a steam-packet on his way from Liverpool to Boston, and when the possibility of an Atlantic cable still lay in the realm of dreams, no doubt America and the Americans were in a half-grown stage certain to impress a fastidious English visitor disagreeably. Making due allowance for the propensity to caricature always shown by Boz in his comic delineations, it may be that La Fayette Kettle, General Choke, Mrs. Hominy, Hannibal Chollop, and the other types were not so outrageously misrepresented as to call for a libel suit on the part of an indignant American public. And yet a few quotations from the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit" show that, in his attempt to reproduce Yankee dialect, the great novelist was not wholly successful.

"Why, what the 'tarnal! Well, I do admire at this, I do. . . . If you could set your back right slap ag'in that curtain peg, sir, keeping your left leg everlastingly behind the stove, we should be fixed quite slick."

Can we believe that this is exactly the sort of dialect one heard here in the remote days when Dickens and Marryat and Mrs. Trollope came over and looked at us and pronounced us not very good?

"I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes," says Emerson. The British author could not be British and be easily moved from his conservatism. He may know that the original "Yankee type" of the earlier nineteenth century used by his predecessors has become so much blurred as to need to be sent back to the foundry for recasting, yet he goes on using it himself, seemingly quite content with the dubious impression it produces. He abhors any change from the ancient and established order of things; he is slow to remodel and bring up to date his inherited ideas, just as he is loth to discard antiquated and cumbrous machinery so long as it continues to give what he considers good service. He is reluctant to take, in any sense, the advice of a certain railway expert and "establish a scrap-heap." To his mind, if the Yankee as he represents him differs from the real Yankee, so much the worse

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for the latter; to our minds, if he is correctly portrayed, there must be a genus of American who wanders about Europe an expatriate for life; we never see him here, perhaps because he is ashamed to come home.

Instead of being studied from life, it would seem as if the typical Yankee of the average British story-writer had been modeled on some predecessor in British fiction, a character which was itself a copy, the degenerate descendant of nobody knows how many successive copies running back into the distant past. Occasionally a conscientious author manages to acquire enough knowledge of his subject to enable him to turn out a fairly presentable American—or, at worst, one not so execrably bad as to be indignantly disowned by his supposed compatriots. But even then the portrait is probably drawn from a composite photograph and freely touched up by the camel's-hair pencil of its creator's imagination.

Mark Twain tells us that, having had experience in mining for gold, he knows, when he reads about one of Bret Harte's miners, that the author is describing what he has heard about and not what he has himself been. His miners fail to get quite the "hang of the lingo," and not even so clever an author as Mr. Harte can make them talk as they should, because he has not been one of them himself. Would not the British author, for reasons far more cogent, find wholly impossible the feat of mastering the Yankee "lingo"? Indeed, when dealing with America and the Americans, the British author is usually quite disoriented; he knows no north, no south, no east, no west; all Americans seem to look and talk alike to him. As an exception which proves the rule we may quote from the English traveler mentioned by Mr. John Graham Brooks, who frankly says: "I can tell how they speak in any one of a dozen sections, but not how *the* American speaks!" But the Briton who seeks to immortalize us in fiction, though well aware that within the borders of his own small island may be heard many dialects (the cockney, the coster, the Yorkshire, Lancashire, Devonshire, Lowland and Highland Scotch—more varieties, indeed, of distorted English than one author could hope to reproduce successfully), yet makes little or no distinction in the speech of two Americans coming from widely separated parts of this much larger country! He is fatuously content to have his imitation Yankee stalk through the pages of his novel wearing the invariable slouch hat and goatee, and "guessing," "reckoning," and "allowing," with serene disregard of the fact that the man who "guesses" lives hundreds of miles from the man who "reckons," while neither of them may ever have met the one who "allows."

Americanisms and more Americanisms, and, still more, all the Americanisms that can be got hold of, heaped high for good measure—such is the approved formula for the Yankee as he is written down in British fiction. And not the least curious feature of the queer business is that the supposed Americanisms are often inaccurate, awkwardly used, or wholly spurious. In one of his short stories Max Pemberton is responsible for these words from the lips of an American society girl on a visit to England:

"I'm right glad. . . . You're as pale as specters, I guess. . . . Fancy that, now! . . . You are my guest, I reckon. . . . And here you are, my word!"

This comes near being a *tour de force*. Beside the unclassified "pale as specters" we have the same speaker using idioms typical of New England, the Southern States, Old England, and, perhaps, Australia. Does it not suggest burlesque dialect comedy run riot? However, to do this author justice, he has acquired a "later manner" which is much less open to unfavorable criticism. When he ventures almost across the Atlantic in a full-grown novel, he handles the American heroine with no mean skill, his most serious lapse being when he causes her to ask:

"Is there any Venezuelan ship that would harm a subject of the United States?" As if any free-born American—especially a proud and high-spirited Yankee girl—ever would speak of being *subject* to or of anything imaginable!

In earlier days the American of British fiction was usually sketched with at least a touch of malice; but now, since the passage of the international copyright laws, when literary Britons get dollars as well

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as readers on this side of the water, they are growing more careful to avoid what Mr. W. W. Jacobs styles a "slander upon a great and friendly nation," and are depicting us conscientiously, laboriously, even lovingly. A pity it is that some little maladroit stroke of the brush should so often destroy the illusion they are trying to create!

On the strength of an acquaintance with us and our ways formed during a journey across the United States from ocean to ocean, J. A. Steuart peoples an "international tale" with Yankees almost unnumbered. At least two of them are designed to be typical, and it is to the author's credit that he manages them well enough not to set his American reader's teeth on edge oftener than once in a page; but he falls into the usual error of making his types composite, so that we are treated to the spectacle of Down East farmers doing business in Wall Street, where we hear them "guessing" and "reckoning" in the same paragraph, using the expletive "shucks!" in one breath, then in the next speaking of a "Johnnie" who runs a "motor," and of something that is "right's the limited mail." Still, considering the flood of Yankee dialect with which the story is inundated, perhaps we ought to marvel that the author has done so well, instead of carping at his not having done better.

The mirror held up to (American) nature by F. C. Philips is not of the best plate glass, and the reflection produced is often distorted, uncertain, and severely trying to the eyes of the spectator. With an evident wish to please us, he thrusts upon our bewildered gaze a self-made Yankee who supports without a stagger the amazing name of Cyrus Napoleon Washington Q. Rock, an oil millionaire (retired), on a visit to London with his daughter, Elizabeth Maria Jemima Rock. Plainly enough, Rock is fondly beloved by the infatuated author of his being, who would have us value him as a genuine rough diamond. His speech is appropriately beset with gems (uncut) which we should find some difficulty in classifying. Among other naïve confessions he frankly admits that he is "not a gentleman" (so like a citizen of a nation which has proclaimed that all men are created equal!); and that he drove the "mail" in Kentucky when he was a "lad," doubtless meaning that he drove the *stage* when he was a *boy*. He uses dubious Americanisms and unmistakable Briticisms with equal fluency. When he is thirsty, he says, "I guess, squire, I'll put myself outside a flash of lightning." He admiringly tells the English hero, "You've chumped your sawdust without butter or molasses," and "When a Britisher runs square, he's squarer than any man on the track." And, wishing to learn the young man's intentions regarding his daughter, he asks, "Hev you been making signals to my gell in the offing?"

The "gell" above mentioned is deeply interested in historic London, and is described as a cultivated young lady who has read everything, including the classic authors of every land and language; "nor was there the least tinge of Bostonese in her accent." Bostonians may well draw a breath of relief over the last assurance when they have heard a few of the fair Elizabeth Maria Jemima's cultured utterances, such as: "I mean to do my England off the reel and make a square job of it before I recross the old herring pond," "O Jerusalem! Snakes and snapping turtles!" "Haven't fixed my mind up," "Chip in [drop in] at the Continental," "Ignorant young Yank like me," "please the old man" (her father), "he's as regular as a rooster," etc.

In the same book appears the wife of an American speculator with whom pork has "turned up a straight hand," thus enabling him to pay a "hundred red cents in each dollar." This lady complacently informs us that "Hiram's got his pile now, I calculate, and I reckon he's learned enough to sit as steady on it as an old rooster." In yet another novel by the same author we become acquainted with a young American lady "who apologized for her idioms on the ground that nobody in the States ever dreamed of talking English except a few stuck-up Yankees from Borston."

The late Grant Allen, who could do so many things and who did none of them badly, was not at his best when he tried to outline a typical Yankee; and probably he knew it, for he filled in the outline with a sparing hand. In the course of

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"Miss Cayley's Adventures" we meet Cyrus W. Hitchcock, an American bicycle agent touring Europe on business bent. You can seldom lay your finger squarely upon a weak spot in Hitchcock, yet all the while you are on the edge of uncertainty as to whether the impersonation is going to be carried successfully to an end.

"The moment I seen you [he informs Miss Cayley] I thought we two could do a trade together. . . . You'll give these meinherrs fits. You'll take the clear-starch out of them. . . . You kin cycle. . . . That's so! you've hit it in one, Miss. Which will you take, a cigar or a cocoanut?" (The query being a playful allusion to that amusement called here the "African dodger," but known in England as a "cocoanut shy.") A favorite adjective with Hitchcock is "high-toned," but he never succeeds in using it quite as a real American would; and when he speaks of "putting in a show" for "putting in an appearance," he reminds us of the slip made by another British-made Yankee who declared that "you have the *inside road*," when evidently he meant "inside track."

Mr. Andrew Lang, whose literary abilities extend in so many directions that he has humorously been accused of being a syndicate, shows his Scotch caution when he tacitly admits that he does not feel competent to deal with the Yankee dialect. Wishing to introduce an American girl into one of his stories, he makes use of an ingenious expedient. He tells us that she has been educated in England, but from motives of patriotism models her speech on a study of American humorists, which "she (erroneously) believed to be the national idiom." Mr. Lang informs us at the outset that it is "obsolete and exaggerated;" then, having disarmed criticism, he goes blithely forward to treat us to such curiosities as, "Your Tennyson has the inner tracks of our Longfellow; your Thackeray gives our Bertha Runkle his dust. . . . Guess they are scaly varmints. . . . Guess Poppa was 'cute. . . . Guess Poppa was not mean, not worth a cent," etc. Canny Andrew! no sailing in uncharted and little-known waters for you!

Several of the sensational romances of Major Griffiths have been read in this country, and it is in one of them that he stands sponsor for "Col. M'Quahe, a typical Yankee from the West, with a goatee beard and a big slouch hat." Classified according to his dialect, as it develops, the colonel might also be a typical Yankee from the South—and several other localities.

"You'll be mad with us, I guess," he says. "We shall prevent that, I reckon. . . . That's the caper; only I take it we shall pretty well help ourselves. . . . Mayhap a tarnation long voyage, I calculate. . . . Don't raise your dander, young squire. . . . You see a chance of making your guy."

Another American in the same story says, "That's the larrikin who's personating you. . . . They're likely to ferret it out pretty slick unless you *cache* down below," while a company of American reporters surprise the American reader when they board a newly arrived steamer to interview a British celebrity, by clamoring for "fair do's."

Mr. Louis Tracy (and, by the way, his Americans give little hint of their British origin) has an Anglo-Indian general break out into Hindustani when scolding a servant in a French hotel. This he does involuntarily, because his command of French is small, and, as he must find a verbal outlet for his wrath, he most naturally uses the language in which he has been wont to storm at his Indian attendants. This illustrates the well-known inclination of the person who knows only one foreign tongue to employ it in addressing all foreigners when the necessity for making himself understood by them arises. A similar tendency is shown by the author who knows one dialect, which explains why we encounter in British fiction so many "Americanisms"—like "larrikin," quoted above—whose native soil is far distant from the United States.

It is not alone those British writers who attempt to reproduce our dialect who walk among pitfalls. A study of several painstaking efforts to show the better-class American as he really is and without exaggeration brings to light numberless inaccuracies, not to say absurdities. A lieutenant in the navy fondly recalls his cadet days at West Point. An army officer in Cuba so far forgets his native

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tongue as to speak of "driving" a locomotive and "carriages" over the "metals." From other imaginary American lips fall glibly such uncharacteristic expressions as "good few," "sure as nails," "serves him jolly well right," "keen on," "biggish," "bloomin'," etc., etc. Ohio is placed on the far Western frontier *more than fifty miles distant* from New York City, and the latter is confidently referred to as the capital of the State. Nor should we pass unnoticed a jaunty reference to the "State House at Hartford, Massachusetts," by which evidently is meant the meeting-place of the Great and General Court beneath the "Gilded Dome."

Now and then a skillful British novelist will almost succeed in creating a Yankee who would be fairly convincing if only he were allowed to keep his mouth shut. Mr. H. B. M. Watson presents to us, in one of his stories, an American millionaire who reveals little of his foreign manufacture except when using such speeches as, "I suppose you've got a directory anyway knocking about this football," and "You ought to have done business with me away in Chicago." Efforts to Americanize a character's talk by throwing into it an occasional "away" or "way" have been almost invariably disastrous. The awkward effect produced above is matched by four equally conspicuous failures selected from a novel by Mr. Walter Frith. ". . . has gone way off to Holborn," "I stroll a block or two way down the Strand." ". . . drive him way down home by easy stages." "He can pack his grip and be way off home."

In one of the novels of Richard Whiteing we encounter an agreeable young Duchess who was formerly a Yankee school-teacher (!!!). Evidently Mr. Whiteing respects and likes us, and aims in his pen-pictures to give us fair treatment. He avoids cheap and dubious Americanisms by making his Duchess speak as an educated Englishwoman would speak—even to erring in the other direction when she uses such Briticisms as "corn" for "grain," "keen" for "eager," and "fancy!" and "motoring." These are not bad lapses; but when, in another story, he has an American girl offering her English friend confectionery thus, "Have a candy, dear. . . . Try another candy," we feel moved to ask if he really thinks he is presenting a sample of the American language. The same author is again slightly off the key when he has one of New York's gilded youths say, apropos of the popular outburst against the wasteful luxury of the Bradley-Martin ball, "We just let it roll by and gave the bounders that preached it the dinky-dink." The word "bounder" is British to the backbone and seldom finds place in an American's vocabulary; and "dinky-dink," though perhaps an Americanism, looks very wobbly in the position it here occupies.

But altogether the worst *lapsus calami* to be charged against this author is that by which he lets an American visiting London remark, anent a certain social lion, "We must have him out to America." And even so masterly a hand as that of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim makes a similar slip, and has an American when in London refer to America as being "out."

"Out to America!" We remember that the heart of the Briton's universe beats in London, and that the axis of his earth is concentric with the dome of St. Paul's; we are willing to believe that when the good Englishman dies he goes *out* to heaven; we realize the Briton's incurable insularity and his hopeless inability to put himself in another's place; we try to make all due allowances; and still we marvel at its not having occurred even to his stolid imagination that a native of no country on earth—and certainly not one of the Great Republic—could possibly think or speak of his own home as being *out*.

Despite Stevenson's cosmopolitanism and the aid of an American collaborator, he seems to have been guilty of a somewhat similar lapse in "The Wrecker." On the occasion of a studio fracas in Paris an American student thus calls for a stand to be made against the French members of the class, "All English and Americans to clear the shop!" Not only has this speech a British smack otherwise, but surely so ardent a patriot as this young man is described as being would have put his own countrymen first in his appeal, and cried, "All Americans and English," etc. The more we study the matter, the more we

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incline to the belief that the British mind is built on the plan of idea-tight compartments into which certain considerations—obvious enough to other minds—never are able to penetrate.

A hardy adventure upon American waters is made by Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. Emboldened by the deserved success of that peppery little English shipmaster Captain Kettle, he launches a second fictitious mariner in the person of an American naval officer who has been forcibly "retired," but who is doing his utmost to get put back upon the "active list." While this new hero is sufficiently entertaining, perhaps the best that can be said of the author's attempt to Yankeeize him is that it is about equally ineffective and inoffensive. The exceedingly tall, abnormally thin McTurk is little else than an elongated extra edition of Kettle. He has the same habit of turning "acid" when displeased, and of "rasping" in moments of anger; both are under a cloud, are excessively neat in dress, and are pitiless martinets on the bridge; and the Englishman's avocation of writing doggerel rhymes is matched by that of the American for painting "impossible" pictures.

The adventures of McTurk are undertaken primarily in the hope of distinguishing himself in the eyes of the Secretary of the Naval Department, and getting restored to active duty. His continued failures to attain this end he attributes to the machinations at home of the "saloon corner men," by which we guess he means ward politicians. He refers to his own country as "the States," and to his chief by various designations, but generally as the "Secretary of the Navy Board at Washington." Mr. Hyne apparently supposes this to be the full official title of our Minister of Marine, and is rather proud of having it so pat at his pen's tip. Sad example of too much zeal! Had he omitted the word "Board," and insisted less strongly on repeating "at Washington" in every case, his Yankee tar might have been somewhat less of a hybrid. To sum up, we find ourselves bringing away an amused impression that Lieutenant-Commander John Kelly McTurk and his elderly sister Bridget might belong, with a few changes, to almost any maritime country—Ireland possibly excepted.

To return for a few moments to dialect, it is interesting to note the struggles of the British fictionist who, invading Yankeedom, tries to depict the "Irish-American" of the pugilistic, ward-heeler, barroom variety. It would be hard to describe adequately some of the attempts that have been made to reproduce the colloquialisms which, rightly or wrongly, we have come to associate with the "Bowery boy." The effect produced upon the American reader is that of a weird and wonderful creation which may bear the name of Sweeny, Muldoon, or Brannigan, but which "guesses," and "reckons," and "calculates," and "expects," uses quaint oaths and brogue having a nasal twang; which is as much a mixture as Mark Twain's mongrel dog; which is a combination of odds and ends of mining-camp desperado, city tough, and several other sorts of bad man, the whole exhaling a distinct effluvium of Thames water-side; which is more Yankee than Hibernian, more British than either, and more impossible than a blue moon or a white blackbird.

Among the least unsuccessful British efforts at depicting the Irish-American of the type mentioned is that made by Mr. E. W. Hornung in one of his later "Raffles" stories. Barney Maguire, champion of the American prize-ring, comes to London to make good the reputation he has gained at home. He meets Bunny in the apartment he has hired for the stay, and addresses him thus: "You don't say! I took you for some darned crook, but now I remember you purfectly. If you hadn't 've spoke up slick I'd have bu'st your face in, sonny, I would sure. Come right in and have a drink . . . reel home-grown, unwashed Whitechapel. Blamed if our Bowery boys ain't cock-angels to scum like this." In moments of unusual excitement the great Barney is prone to such ejaculations as "Jeehosophat!" "By the holy tinker!" and "Blight and blister him!" He refers to drugged whisky as being "hocussed," and explains his possession of the drug thus: "I got the poison from a blamed Indian away West, and it's ruther ticklish stuff;" and later he offers the following: "I

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guess I'll punch his face into a jam pudding. . . . Say, sonny, I like you a lot, . . . but I sha'n't like you any if you're not a good boy."

In the height of his notoriety the once great "John L." visited England; we should be glad to learn whether he used, while there, language similar to that above quoted.

This cursory review of the Yankee as he appears in the guise—or disguise—of British fiction would be even more incomplete than is the case did it not take some note of the successes as well as of the failures of our would-be portrayers. Those who have tarried among us for any great length of time with their eyes open have usually been able to reproduce our national traits with fair results. One of the most successful foreign invasions of Yankeedom ever made in print, it seems to me, is that which resulted in Kipling's "Captains Courageous." Not only has the author laid his scenes in America and American waters, but he has taken for nearly all his characters real Yankees with dialect fairly overflowing from their mouths. And not only is this dialect, as a rule, managed admirably, but the entire story is so thoroughly Americanized as to be, in its way, a masterpiece. The arrangements for the run of the elder Cheyne across the continent, the preliminary telegraphic orders, and the description of the journey seem to leave nothing to be desired in the line of vivid realism. Readers of "Captains Courageous" have conclusive evidence that Kipling studied his types at close range, got his information by asking questions at headquarters, and submitted his manuscript for Americanization to some native critic or critics, several of whom we know he had within easy reach. Yet, despite all the care he must have used, the expert advice he must have obtained, and the outside revision to which we assume his unprinted story was submitted before leaving his hands finally—notwithstanding all these preparations and precautions, "somebody blundered" when, in an unguarded moment, young Dan Troop was allowed to say of Harvey Cheyne, "he's by way of being a fisherman now."

If there can be found in the entire list of Briticisms a ranker one, or one less likely to fall from the lips of a Yankee boy, than "by way of being," we should be glad to hear it.

From time to time the veteran humorist "Punch" sedately experiments with an American joke. "Punch" has many accomplishments, but a mastery of American dialect is conspicuously not among them. The American (?) jokes which enliven the great British jester's pages are quite *sui generis*, and may always be recognized, even from a distance, by the pictures that accompany them. However, "Punch" is slowly getting acquainted with us, and of late years, since the paper has had a new editor, who has declared his intention of printing a real joke now and then, we find much less of the entertaining grotesqueness that formerly characterized "Punch" Yankees. A comparatively recent picture shows in an English interior an American father and daughter. The former, an uptilted cigar in his mouth and wearing misfit clothing and a slouch hat, is sprawled out over two chairs in Eugene Field's favorite attitude, sitting on the base of his neck or thereabout. The daughter stands a little in the background, and, at sound of the dinner-gong, breezily accosts her parent thus:

"Guess, Popp, you'd better jump into a boiled shirt. There goes the hash hammer."

Could anything be more unmistakably British-made than this?

As we are about to bring to a close these rambling grumblings, word comes to us of a new novel by the accomplished Quiller-Couch. It has to do with Boston, which town he surrounds with scenery—lofty mountain and raging cataract—such as no Bostonian, unless in the wildest nightmare, ever dreamed of. In the words of one American critic, "a more ridiculous hodgepodge of scenes and incidents could hardly be imagined." While we may tolerate amusedly the dense ignorance of an obscure fiction-monger in his attempts to portray American life for a British public, we feel we have cause to resent those of an otherwise highly skilled author whose work has long been hospitably received throughout the length and breadth of the land. And when we reflect that much of the mishandling of known facts and conditions might have been avoided at the cost of a little trouble and

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postage spent in quest of trustworthy information, we are moved to protest vigorously—yea, even to kick.

To conclude with a bit of advice to British authors who wish to serve up a full-flavored American for American consumption: Don't attempt it unless you have lived in America at least twenty-five years—and don't do it even then if you are unable to submit the result to a competent American critic for thorough reconstruction and de-Briticization.

THE RELIGION OF SERVICE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Among the moral and spiritual leaders of America high place must be accorded to Felix Adler. In 1876 he founded the New York Society for Ethical Culture. In October of this year the Society dedicated its new Meeting-House. During the intervening years it has had an existence marked by activity and growth. It founded the first free kindergarten for poor children in New York. It established a school called the Ethical Culture School, where children of all classes—pay pupils and free scholarship pupils attending in equal proportion—are educated in accordance with the Society's high standards. It conducts a Sunday-school. It has been influential in many movements for social progress. Its members vary in their religious beliefs. As an organization it has nothing to say on subjects which most religious bodies regard as fundamental. It proclaims no teaching about immortality, no idea of God. And yet, as its founder and leader says, it is a religious society and exercises characteristic functions of a religious society; for in the name of what it stands for it buries the dead, consecrates marriage, presents ideals of conduct, reinforces the courage of the downcast, and consoles the afflicted. Its basis is not a creed, or ritual, or form of organization, or claim to authority, but, to use Felix Adler's own words, the conception "that progress in right living is the paramount aim and end of life; that right thinking and right believing are important only as they lead to right living, and that thinking and believing must approve themselves to be right by the fruit they produce in conduct." Its twofold aim is "to secure in the moral and religious life perfect intellectual liberty, and at the same time concert in action." From this Society in New York has sprung other similar societies, until now what is known as the Ethical Movement is international. The building dedicated as the Meeting-House of the New York Society for Ethical Culture stands at Central Park West and Sixty-fourth Street. It is in severely simple taste. Its hall, which is provided with a large Hope-Jones organ, somewhat resembles in shape the Greek amphitheater. It is designed primarily for public speaking. The other rooms in the building are for other uses, social and educational. To the dedicatory exercises on Sunday, October 23, only members of the Society were admitted, but the public were invited to attend the civic dedication on the next day. It was at this second dedication that the use of the hall for the discussion of the ethical aspect of great public questions was celebrated. On this occasion one of the addresses was delivered by Lyman Abbott. It is this address, substantially as then given, which here follows.—THE EDITORS.

NOT merely as a citizen of this metropolis have I come to join with other citizens in this dedication service; I have come as a Christian minister; as a disciple and follower of Him whom I recognize as my Leader and Master, to bring my congratulations to one who has rendered in this community such distinguished service to his fellowmen. I believe that service to be essentially a Christian service.

Nineteen centuries ago a young Jew stood up in a synagogue in Palestine and told the congregation what he wanted to accomplish. He defined his purpose in the following words:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."[1]

[1] Luke iv. 18.

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He was broader and more progressive than the people of his time. They mobbed him. In his case, as in the case of many a persecuted teacher since, their wrath only gave added circulation to his address and engraved it more durably on the memory of those who heard it. Years afterwards it was reported by the historian in the record from which I have read these words.

This young Jew interpreted and emphasized the definition of his mission by his life. It is said of him that "he went about doing good." Were men hungry, he fed them; were they ignorant, he taught them; were they in sorrow, he consoled them; were they weak of purpose, he strengthened their wavering wills; were they hampered by religious conditions, or manacled by political or ecclesiastical opposition, he did what he could to set them free; were they discouraged and in despair by the burden of their past wrong-doing, and by the fears of a future judgment, he preached to them forgiveness and hope. When he died, he bequeathed his mission to his followers: "As the Father hath sent me into the world, so send I you," and he bade them receive from him his spirit of faith and hope and love, and carry it out in generous service.

This to no inconsiderable extent his followers have done, but they have also done in his name, and in his service, much which he never did. They have formulated elaborate creeds and insisted upon them; he promulgated no creed. They have formulated elaborate rituals, and measured men's character by their conformity to those rituals; he promulgated no ritual. They constructed great ecclesiastical organizations, and insisted that no man was a follower of Jesus who did not belong to the organization. The only approximation of organization of any kind that Jesus ever essayed was when, on one occasion, he sent out twelve disciples, and on another occasion seventy disciples, to carry his message to regions which he was not able to reach with his own voice. He expressed the life which he came to inspire in men, not by creeds and rituals, but by deeds of service.

As a boy in college I began the study of these Christian creeds. I desired to be a follower of Jesus Christ, and thought I must understand Christian theology if I were to be his follower; but the more I studied theology, the more perplexed I grew. The mysteries remained more mysterious the more they were explained; some so-called Christian truths I could not understand, others seemed to me absolutely incredible—morally as well as intellectually incredible. This studying was crude and superficial, the studying of a college boy, but it was sincere and earnest. After three years or so I gave it up and put all theology behind me, and began a study of the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth as they are recorded in the biographical memorabilia which his disciples have left to us. The more I studied them, the more light and inspiration they gave to me. I began to see that his was the kind of life that I wanted to live, his the kind of character I wanted to possess, and that his teachings, and still more his spirit, had in them the secret of a happy and a useful life. The more I studied, the more I became convinced that in those teachings and in that spirit was the solvent of our social and individual problems; that in the understanding and application of those teachings and the possession of that spirit was the cure of all social injustices and of most of the burdens and sorrows that oppress mankind. I became convinced that I could not be an Augustinian, nor a Calvinist, nor a Lutheran, nor an Arminian, nor a Wesleyan, but I could be a Christian. I could not be a disciple of any one of the theological leaders whose creeds were offered as more or less a solution of the enigma of life, but I could be a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, whose teachings were offered as a practical guide to useful and happy living. For fifty years I have been studying his life and teachings and endeavoring to apply to the problems of life his spirit and his principles, who is my Master, to whom I gladly acknowledge supreme loyalty and pay supreme love and reverence.

It is for this reason that I am here tonight. To give the right hand of fellowship to Felix Adler, and to thank him and the Society of Ethical Culture for inviting me to share in this expression of gratitude for the past and of dedication to the service of man for the future.

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It is true that your faith does not express all that I believe, does not express some beliefs which I cherish as very sacred. It is true, also, that your forms of worship would probably not satisfy all my æsthetic and emotional desires; but what of that? We reverence Jesus not by singing hymns to him, nor by singing hymns about him, though that is legitimate. Certainly we do not reverence him by wrangling about the titles we will give to him, or the place we will assign to him in the universe; we reverence him by carrying on the work which he began, by manifesting in our lives the spirit which he manifested in his; by serving our generation as he served his generation, with the same unselfish devotion, the same unpretentious heroism; in a word, by doing all that we can to make this world a happier world because a better one, and this life a life better worth living. And no man in this city—I say this with full consciousness of the meaning of my words—has, in my judgment, devoted himself to this service, this upbuilding of character, this message of life, this making of the world happier by making it better, more faithfully than has Felix Adler. I do not know any one who has more consistently and with greater self-devotion given himself to carrying glad tidings to the poor, release to the captives, education to the ignorant, liberty to them that are bruised.

I spent last week at Lake Mohonk, where for twenty-eight years men and women have met every fall to consider, at first, what were our duties to the Indian races in this country, and, later, what our duties to other dependent peoples, such as the Porto Ricans, the Hawaiians, and the Filipinos. In the Conference last week Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Quaker and Episcopalian, Agnostic and Orthodox, met together on terms of mutual respect in discussions for a common end. The time will come, though I am not quite optimistic enough to think that I shall live to see it, when, in the same spirit, Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Quaker and Episcopalian, Agnostic and Orthodox, in New York City will meet on similar terms of self-respect, united, not by a common creed, nor by a common ritual, nor in a common organization, but in a common spirit and purpose; the only controversy between them being which of them, with the creeds and the rituals and the organizations they respectively employ, can render to their fellow-men the highest, the best, and the most enduring service. The time will never come, I think—I certainly hope it will never come—when, in democratic America, all men will think alike. The time will never come when men of all the various temperaments who mingle in this melting-pot of the races will find their emotional and æsthetic aspirations satisfied by the same ritual. But the time may come, and you, in this Society, under your honored leader, may do much to hasten it, when, with all our varied creeds and all our varied rituals, we can all subscribe to Abou Ben Adhem's dedication: "Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

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A PILGRIM DISCIPLE

BY JANE MARSH PARKER

AN interesting account of last year's Disciples' Convention called to my remembrance the manuscript of an old journal long hidden among my family papers, that of one of the pioneer "pilgrims" of the Christ-*yans* (as it greatly offended them to be called) of some eighty-five years ago—the story of a journey, made mostly on foot, by a zealous youth known as the boy preacher, his youthful appearance contradicting the fact that he was then in his twenty-third year. It was a pilgrimage in literal obedience to the command, "Go ye into all the world," etc., the world to the young disciple meaning what to him was an unknown region—that "beyond the mountains of Pennsylvania—'way down along the Ohio River, as far as Kentucky." The *going* to this far-off world offered perhaps a more alluring prospect to a back-country youth than that of *preaching* the Gospel, and promised more compensation for inevitable hardships, to say nothing of what he might expect from the zealots of orthodoxy; for the followers of Alexander Campbell were then regarded by "the regulars" as veritable Antichrists.

Our pilgrim, when he set forth, was a recent convert from the Methodists to the Christians, whose gospel was the restoration of Christianity to the faith and practices of the early Church—a return to truths lost in sectarianism. The preachers of the new sect (sometimes called the New Light) often, like the chosen twelve, began as pilgrims their careers as ministers of the Gospel. The journal in my keeping is that of one of them. How could I help regretting that portions of it might not have been read at the Disciples' Centennial, celebrating, as it did, the origins of the denomination? Our pilgrim reached Pittsburgh eighty-five years ago. "I passed through Pittsburgh, . . . where the Christians are unknown. . . . I preached nearly every day, . . . but I found the people full of sectarianism; so much so they would charge roundly for entertaining me, and that when they had asked me to preach for them."

Without any special preparation in the way of prescribed reading, Bible study, or lessons in elocution, our pilgrim had gone forth, believing he had been sent of the Lord. He had had a certain training for his new calling in his constant attendance upon the frequent meetings of the sect, at which his gift of extempore speaking had been discovered. Its development led the brethren and sisters to believe that he was marvelously endowed; an impression to be accounted for perhaps in his emotional, sympathetic nature and his vibrant, musical voice, particularly in exhortation. Which one of the chosen twelve had held back until a theological seminary gave him a diploma? Did the fishermen of Galilee wait until they could spell, pronounce, and parse like learned men before they preached on the highways and by the hedges? Hard questions like these he could answer only by going forth. He was a typical farmer's boy, his father a Vermont pioneer of the Genesee Valley when western New York was a wilder West than is Manitoba to-day. His schooling had ended with the emigration of his family to the Genesee country when he was about fourteen; his religious convictions were inherited from his puritanical ancestry; the terrible throes preceding his "change of heart," described so minutely in his journal, were to him the most important event of his life, terminating forever what he calls his "wild career," hard-working, steady-going fellow that he had always been.

With neither gold nor silver nor scrip, he set out on foot, his evasion of the letter of the command in the matter of shoes being compromised, seemingly, by a sadly worn pair for mountain foot-travel in midwinter. The fulfillment of other important details of his commission stood assured from the outset—"As sheep in the midst of wolves," "scourgings in the synagogue"—details which orthodoxy could be relied upon to fulfill, and did, as his journal proves abundantly.

". . . January 10, 1825, I parted with the brethren in Rochester, New York, and on foot made my way one hundred miles to Springfield, Erie County, Ohio." He

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had it in his heart to go through New England before his return. Yes, and as far south as Georgia. ". . . It was at Milford that I preached from a text for the first time" (his explanation too lengthy for giving here). Up to that time he had conformed strictly to the command, "Take no thought of what ye shall speak," and a text had never been given him. But on this occasion he had been prompted to open his Testament when he rose up to preach, and the first text that caught his eye was the very one he had dreamed of preaching from, as he tells us, months before his conversion and his call to the ministry—"And the times of this ignorance God winked at," etc. But not until that moment did he know that the words were in the Bible, so ignorant was he of the Scriptures. His spontaneous exposition evidently impressed his hearers deeply and favorably. A series of crowded meetings followed, with numerous conversions.

From one feeble outpost of Zion to another he made his way, mostly on foot. Sometimes a brother pilgrim joined him, helping him to bear up under the scourgings from the synagogues, when not driven by outbreaks of sectarianism into shaking the dust (or rather the snow) of those towns from his feet—towns that to-day are citadels of the Disciples. That was in the earliest dawn of "the New Light." Alexander Campbell was in the prime of his days. His gospel had been marvelously promulgated, considering that it was then less than twenty years since first proclaimed. Not until 1841 did he become President of Bethany College, Virginia.

"We of to-day," to quote The Outlook's account of the Pittsburgh Convention, "can hardly understand the animosity with which various denominations in America regarded one another a hundred years ago." Who was it that wrote of the animosity that must exist between clams and oysters because of their resemblance to each other in many features? So with religious bodies having much in common. The Christians (the name that at first they insisted upon being called), like the Baptists, were immersionists, and opposed to infant baptism. Like the Methodists, from which denomination a large majority of the Christians had seceded, they laid stress upon the promptings of the Spirit; like the Congregationalists, their church government was independent; like the Quakers, they denounced the prefix Reverend for their clergy, and abjured many conventional ecclesiastical and social usages. They were neither Unitarians nor Trinitarians; their emphatic claim to being restorationists of Apostolic truths and usages was peculiarly offensive, naturally, to the Roman and Anglican communions; the simile of the clams and oysters was not so inappropriate, after all.

Of the many "scourgings in the synagogue" recorded in this journal, that at Kingston, Pennsylvania, is a fair example. Elder George W. Richmond was the fellow-pilgrim referred to in this extract. "We crossed the mountains to Kingston, in the Wyoming Valley, the Garden of the World. Twelve years before Lemuel Crocker had founded a Christian Society in Kingston; but he turned Universalist, and the church had ceased to be." So forbidding was the prospect to Elder Richmond of getting anything for much scourging in Kingston that he had refused to go there at all, and the twain parted in tears. Hungry, almost penniless, and seriously ill, our plucky pilgrim entered the town alone, and, hearing that a Presbyterian missionary was to hold a service in the Academy that evening, he went to the meeting early, and introduced himself to the missionary, asking that a notice of his service the following night be given. "What sort of preacher are you?" "Oh, a Christian!" explosively, at the reply, disputing our pilgrim's right to the name, calling him "a heretic and an Antichrist." Indeed, he should not preach in the town if it could be prevented! The missionary turned his back upon the Disciple, who meekly took a seat with the assembling congregation, and then listened to a long sermon denouncing the heresy of Alexander Campbell, and closing with a warning against the teacher of false doctrine who was then among them, and who would lure them, if possible, into damnable unbelief. They must not only close their ears against him, but their doors; nor was it their duty to give him of anything to eat, no matter how hungry he might be.

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When he had done, our pilgrim rose to his feet. "I am the stranger you have been warned against," he said. "Remember the words of the Master, and 'be careful to entertain strangers. . . . If thine enemy hunger, feed him.'" He had come to them, he said, because the Master had sent him with a message for the salvation of their souls. Evidently that vibrant thrill in his voice was not to be resisted. Would they hear his message? He was going to preach in the street, just outside of the Academy, the following afternoon. "Beware of his soft words," broke in his opponent. "He will deceive the very elect. He is a *Christ-yan*"—more than enough to clear the house at once. The misery of the night spent by our sick pilgrim at a comfortless tavern is pathetically described.

But the episode had been noised abroad, and one Anson Martin had heard of it—godless sinner that orthodoxy held him to be—and Anson Martin would have it to be understood in Kingston that the Academy belonged to the town, and that the Presbyterians could not exclude any one from preaching there, unless it had been previously engaged; that strangers were not to be turned out of the Academy "even by professors." The breezy excitement he stirred up resulted in a wide advertisement of the meeting in the street, and there was a crowd in attendance. Anson Martin insisted that the pilgrim should make his house his home, calling in "publicans and sinners" to meet him, and leaving nothing undone for the founding of another church in Kingston. The opening meeting of the same in the street made the handful in attendance upon that of the Presbyterians, appointed in the Academy at the same hour, "a dejected little flock" in comparison. Kingston soon became the center of a wide field of labor for our pilgrim. "I hold meetings twice and sometimes three times a day."

It was in Kingston that he was soon after ordained to the ministry, leading Elders of the sect being in attendance. Calls to the pastorates of churches in New Jersey and to one in Philadelphia were extended to him at this time, but the Voice forbade his ending his pilgrimage as yet. He goes on to Kentucky, and notes that the Christians "outnumber any other sect. . . . There is a great deal of singing in their worship, and shaking of hands. At the close of a meeting the minister will strike up a lively hymn; the people join in, shouting and singing faster and faster until they have *the jerks*, and are jerked over the benches and everything. It is a very mortifying exercise. Sinners have it as well as saints. I don't understand it," and presumably he did not approve of it.

". . . Before going to Kentucky I was resolved to preach against slavery." But, once there, he changed his mind. "To preach against it would keep the whites away from the meetings, and the blacks as well." In Flemingsburg, Kentucky, he was "drawn reluctantly" into an extensive practice as a Thompsonian doctor. The demands upon him as a doctor soon interfered so seriously with his calling of preacher that, to escape from his patients, he removed from the section entirely. "The souls of men are of more importance than their bodies."

Plainly he began his never-finished journal with an idea of having it printed for the benefit of the pilgrim preachers of the sect; but his absorption in the duties of a settled pastorate forbade the rewriting of it from notes made on his journey. In 1834 he became the head of the Christian Book Association, and editor of the organ of the sect, the "Christian Palladium," to which he had been a constant contributor for several years. Before assuming the superintendency of the Book Association he was in charge of several Christian churches in Dutchess County, New York. He was editor of the "Christian Palladium" and a leading spirit among the Christians (not then called Disciples) for ten years. In the "Century Magazine" for December, 1886, in "A Little Millerite," an after-glimpse of our Disciple pilgrim is given—another phase of his experience, in obedience to the Voice that had led him in his early manhood to go forth upon the pilgrimage, abiding memorials of which are to-day strong churches of the Disciples—churches that were represented at the Pittsburgh Centennial, and whose members never heard, possibly, of Elder Joseph Marsh, nor of his brother pioneers, Elders Joseph Badger, David Millard, Barton Stone, and a long list of Disciples frequently mentioned in this time-yellowed old journal.

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THE NEW BOOKS

M. Aulard's work on "The French Revolution" is a valuable addition to our available history of that epoch. Professor A. Aulard, who holds the chair of Letters at the University of Paris, has, he tells us in his preface, been studying ever since 1879 the speeches of the orators, and for the last fourteen years the institutions, the purpose, and the lives of the prominent actors, in this dramatic period of European history. His work, in four volumes, covers the period from 1789 to 1804, and is translated by Mr. Bernard Miall, who furnishes preface, notes, and a historical summary. It gives abundant evidence of the thoroughness of the preparation. His embarrassment is the embarrassment of riches. He has dealt exclusively with the political aspect of the Revolution; the social aspect was already so fully treated by M. Taine that a new work along that line would be almost necessarily repetition. M. Aulard frankly admonishes the reader that "no historical work is sufficient to itself or to the reader. This of mine, with the rest, presupposes and demands the reading of others." He divides the epoch of which he treats into four periods: 1789–1792, the period of the formation of the Democratic and Republican parties under a constitutional monarchy; 1792–1795, the period of the Democratic Republic; 1795–1799, the period of the Bourgeois Republic; 1799–1809, the period of the Plebiscitary Republic under the Consulate of Napoleon. During the first period there were no movements toward republicanism—at least none of any considerable consequence. Even those whose ideal was a republic argued for a constitutional monarchy. The falsity of the King to his promises destroyed the people's admiration for their royal father, and the taking of the Bastile proved to the people their power, and these two contemporaneous convictions brought the monarchy to an end and introduced the Democratic Republic, which, because of its excesses, gave place in turn to the Bourgeois Republic, founded on a limitation of the suffrage. To the general reader the value of the book is greatly increased by a summary of events prepared by the translator, Bernard Miall, which precedes each volume, and which will make the history clear to the reader who has only the most general knowledge of the Revolution. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $8.)

As one reads Robert Louis Stevenson's poems, or essays, or novels, or books of travel, the man's rare personality shines on every page. Anything which throws some light on that personality is of interest; and Mr. Moors's just published "With Stevenson in Samoa" will undoubtedly obtain wide reading. The text is reinforced by many illustrations; but even without them it would be graphic enough. From the time when Stevenson first set foot in Samoa to the end Mr. Moors enjoyed the privilege of his friendship. They had many talks and confidences. The result, so far as the world is concerned, is a portrait of Stevenson by his Samoan friend. But the portrait suffers from two evident blemishes: first, its outline is blurred by unnecessary and sometimes unpleasant detail; second, some of the lines apparently contradict each other. For instance, on page 28 we read that "for a man who suffered so much he was one of the most resigned and uncomplaining men I have ever met;" while page 48 recites: "It has been said that he took his ill health cheerfully. That is wrong; it was his good health that he took cheerfully. When he was not feeling well, Stevenson was a man who cheerfully damned the whole universe." Despite these drawbacks, Mr. Moors's intimate touches disclose the portrait of a nervous-looking, evidently highly strung, and probably "fidgety" man, about five feet ten inches in height, with sallow complexion and scraggy mustache; certainly not a handsome object in his cheap yachting cap and his thin calico shirt, his bony legs incased in flannel trousers, and a red sash tied about his waist. But there was something irresistibly attractive about him, says Mr. Moors. It must have been his brown eyes, he thinks, "hypnotizing you with their brilliance" and seeming "to penetrate you like the eyes of a mesmerist." The book also affords a new glimpse of the connection between Stevenson and Samoa, the land he loved, the land he chose to be his home "while I live, and my grave when I am dead." For we have to do not only with Stevenson's friend but also with his man-of-affairs, the one who negotiated for the purchase of the Vailima property, contracted with the natives to construct the road up Mount Vaea, built the novelist's house for him, sold him the pony "Jack," made famous in the Vailima Letters, and lent him thousands of dollars. But he lent him other and necessary sinews of war. In large measure he supplied the material for Stevenson's "Footnote to History," and now whets one's curiosity by telling us that "since Stevenson's death I have been repeatedly asked to continue the history from the period where he left off, for the later story is far more thrilling than the earlier." We hope that Mr. Moors will tell that later story. (Small, Maynard & Co., New York. $1.50.)

It was in Boston's old Music Hall that Theodore Parker preached that sermon which led a hearer to say, "You told me that Theodore Parker was remarkable, *but I understood every word he said.*" It was in the Tremont Theater that Emerson and Margaret Fuller saw Fanny Ellsler dance, and, as alleged, the one said, "Ralph, this is

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poetry!" and the other, "Margaret, this is religion!" It was of another Boston theater that a soulful press agent wrote,

"As Rome points proudly to her Coliseum,
So Boston treats her Howard Athenæum."

Old Boston was full of story and romance, and that part belonging to the nineteenth century has been agreeably described in Mary C. Crawford's "Romantic Days in Old Boston." The book is a veritable storehouse of anecdotes about people, landmarks, and events. Many photographs enliven the narrative. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.)

A charming essay by Professor Joseph Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, in appreciation of "The Qualities of Men" interprets what modern psychology has to say of the fundamental factors in human nature, their transformation in human nurture, and their values in growth, education, and vocation, both to the individual and the community. It is a juicy essay, too much so for satisfactory quotation, abounding in passages that one enjoys reading again and again. Keen analysis, elegance of style, and ethical vigor give it peculiar attractiveness to thinkers on the fundamental needs of American democracy. One must dissent, however—though at the risk of being classed with "bromides" rather than "sulphites"—from the extravagant ban pronounced on "Poor Richard's" prudential philosophy. And it is a strange slip which makes the Declaration of Independence say that "all men are born free and equal." (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.)

Entertaining as well as instructive is "Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul," by Professor T. G. Tucker, of the University of Melbourne. It is realistic throughout, as in its account of the social day of a Roman aristocrat, of the life of a Roman soldier, and in its descriptions of a grand chariot race and of a quiet wedding. It is also copiously illustrated. Nero is thus portrayed: "Of a fairly good height, his skin was blotched, and his odor unpleasant; his hair was inclined to be yellow; his face was more handsome than attractive; his eyes were grayish-blue and short-sighted; his neck was fat; he was protuberant below the waist; his legs were very slender; his health was good." Dr. Tucker's materials are drawn from standard authorities and his own studies of ancient sites, monuments, and remains. In moderate compass he presents the unlearned reader with a sound, distinct, and vivid view of the age of Nero—Rome as it was in the middle of the first century—the Empire, the Imperial system, the Imperial city, the dwellings, classes, and customs of the people in all lines and phases of their life. To St. Paul only occasional allusion is made; it is left to the reader's imagination to supply the contrast between Nero's prisoner and his environment. The remarkable number of recent works on this period of ancient history partly corroborates and is partly explained by Signor Ferrero's remark that both the splendors and the evils of that time appear in the great capitals of the modern world. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.)

Dr. George M. Gould, a well-known specialist in medicine, braves the fate of specialists outside of their bounds. "The Infinite Presence" he writes of, and names "Biologos," is a God to whom the inorganic universe is a foreign province, without a cause either first or final, and who often makes mistakes in his creation of organic nature. Dr. Gould regards cytology—the branch of biology that treats of cell life—as the beginning and foundation of all genuine philosophy, and physiology as the starting-point of all true theology. For monism, whether idealist or materialist, he has only scorn and detestation. Life, "the Infinite Presence" he calls God, seems to be merely a principle, an impersonal agent. Modern theology has lately been taking a biological turn, but here we have it devoured by biology, with no excuse beyond flogging the dead horses of mediæval theology. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.)

"The Story of the Board," by Mr. William E. Strong, is a well-wrought *Festschrift*—a worthy memorial of the striking events and strong personalities of a heroic and slowly victorious struggle of light with darkness. Its sketches of characteristic scenes in the working out from tiny beginnings to grand results of the enterprise begun a century ago by the American Board for Foreign Missions are full of dramatic interest. Great crises are successively met and successfully passed. The note of tragedy sounds, as well as the notes of triumph. These predominate, as the story ceases with the advent of the new era, now apparent in an awakening of nations to welcome the missionary, and an uprising of readiness to enter the opening doors with augmented resources. Colored maps of the field and its various portions, together with numerous portraits and other illustrations, enhance the value of the volume. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.75.)

It is hardly less surprising that Mr. Andrew Lang should have found a color left after which to name his latest fairy book than that he should be able to find such delightful material left after filling a dozen or so delightful volumes. "The Lilac Fairy Book" is as prettily bound and illustrated as its predecessors—red, blue, green, yellow, and what not—and is filled with stories culled from many sources, and the more welcome that many of them seem quite new. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.60.)

We have more than once spoken of the positive public service done by Everyman's Library in presenting a substantial body of English literature in small volumes, well printed, tastefully bound, and at an amazingly low price. The fifty-three volumes just added to the list bring up the total number to four hundred and seventy-three; and when the half thousand is completed, as it

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doubtless soon will be, the achievement will be memorable for quality even more than for quantity. The new selections are nearly evenly divided among fiction, juveniles, philosophy and theology, poetry and the drama, biography, history, essays, and classical books. We repeat that really the best plan to encourage good reading is to lead the people to choose for themselves out of a well-selected, well-edited library, and that is exactly what Everyman's Library is. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 35 cents.)

David Klein is the instructor of English literature in the College of the City of New York. He has recently published a work entitled "Literary Criticism from the English Dramatists," both a repertory and a synthesis of the extant critical utterances of those dramatists. But, as every reader ought to be able to do his own synthesizing, the repertory is the important part of the book. Dr. Klein has grouped the utterances of the English dramatists on the subject of their own art according to a classification of his own. We note that the output of dramatic literature in the Elizabethan Age was accompanied by an increasingly definite critical consciousness. Dr. Klein writes not very picturesquely of the epoch, but his book has value for students of literature. (The Sturgis & Walton Company, New York. $1.50.)

Who was "The First Great Canadian"?—the title of Dr. Charles B. Reed's recently published volume. That title is decreed by Dr. Reed to Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville. From an obscure boyhood in what was then the frontier village of Montreal, Iberville rose to daring exploits against the English of the Hudson Bay region, finally capturing their settlements there. His relentless course was only interrupted by the settlement brought through the Peace of Ryswick (1697). But Iberville's design for hemming in the English colonies, though checked in one direction, was not in another, and he now turned his attention towards leading France and French civilization into the valley of the Mississippi. He founded the colony of Louisiana, and died in 1706. Students of history will wish that Dr. Reed's narrative had been told with fuller detail. But, if so, it would not have had so much appeal to the general reader. The book is as much connected with our own history as with that of Canada. It throws new light on both, and commemorates a singularly romantic and picturesque character. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $2.)

Three recently published works have to do with two elements—Episcopacy and Nationalism—in the life of the Church of England. The first, and the most engagingly written, is "A Popular History of the Church of England" (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, $1.50), in one moderate-sized volume, by Dr. William Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon; the second is "The Reconstruction of the English Church" (D. Appleton & Co., New York, $6), a work, in two stout volumes, by Dr. Roland G. Usher, of the Washington University at St. Louis; the third is "The Historic Episcopate" (The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, $1.50), by Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, a one-volume statement, orderly, scholarly, and extremely interesting The claims made for the Historic Episcopate as an institution of divine right form, we are told, "the chief obstacle to Christian unity." This was certainly true of the age preceding the Commonwealth, when, as Bishop Carpenter admits, episcopacy, armed with coercive powers, alienated half England from the Established Church. But is it true to-day? Of the above works, Bishop Carpenter's is essentially for general reading; Dr. Usher's, in its portentous length and redundancy, is for special reading; and Dr. Thompson's is perhaps between the two. The Bishop of Ripon writes with vividness and atmosphere; yet he has understood how to condense his text into comparatively small space. In it the nationalistic spirit that animates the English Church is well emphasized, from A.D. 314, when three bishops from Britain attended the Arles Council, through the epoch-making assertions of nationalism in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Elizabeth, when, as the Bishop points out, the very name "Pope" was "associated with the attempt to violate the shores of England and to bring the people under a foreign yoke;" then in that specially nationalistic period of reconstruction that distinguished the early years of James I's reign, and finally to the present day. In the reconstruction of the English Church the leader was emphatically Archbishop Bancroft, whom Dr. Usher calls the "ablest and most influential Churchman of his generation." These superlatives are the stronger because of the general restraint and impartiality with which Dr. Usher writes. Bancroft must have combined some of the qualities of a high and broad Churchman. Though asserting the Apostolic origin and divine right of episcopacy, when consulted as to the status of the unsatisfactorily ordained Scottish bishops, Bancroft, according to Dr. Thompson, declared that where no bishops could be had, the ordination given by presbyters must be esteemed lawful. In the history of the English Church the Archbishop's career ought to stand out more sharply than it has hitherto, and the three works above mentioned will probably contribute to that end. Bancroft's death marked the close of the period of reconstruction, though, as Dr. Usher points out, the greatest issues had not been settled. The situation had been modified, it is true, but not remedied; indeed, Bishop Carpenter goes so far as to call Bancroft's policy but a surface success. As Dr. Usher admits, the old life of previous centuries went on in different forms and new relations. And, as both authorities point out, the Church authorities soon came into

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collision with the law officers. The power of the ecclesiastical courts had to be limited. Then, as now, the Church of England did not adapt herself elastically enough to the changing conditions of life. Churchmen clung to the king as the safeguard of their ecclesiastical order. But Parliament said that the king must govern according to law. Then began a struggle between absolute and constitutional monarchy, and it could end in but one way. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the Church, weakened in one direction, became stronger in another, just as in France to-day the Roman Catholic Church, apparently weakened by the loss of State support, is already appealing with new power.

"Dogmatism and Evolution," a series of studies in modern philosophy, by Dr. Theodore De Laguna, Professor of Philosophy in Bryn Mawr College, and Dr. Grace Andrus De Laguna, merits warm appreciation by readers interested in the deeper problems of thought. "Dogmatism" here signifies all such assumptions as philosophers proceeded upon before the advent of evolutionary theories, as in the empiricism of Berkeley and Hume and in the rationalism of Descartes and Leibnitz. After examining these the authors review some of their assailants, as in the critical philosophy of Kant, the absolute idealism of Hegel, and finally the recent revolt of pragmatism from all its forerunners in the field of reflective thought. To this the larger half of the volume is given in an effort "to exhibit the truth in pragmatism"—which is regarded as mainly on the side of truth—"at least as prominently as what we conceive to be its errors and contradictions." Pragmatism is treated as "the first whole-hearted attempt at an appreciation of the significance of Darwinism for logical theory," but an attempt which, through the pull of conceptions and methods inherited from the dogmatic empiricism of the eighteenth century, has thus far but half succeeded. The transformation in logical and philosophical theories which evolution introduced was summarily recognized last year by Professor Baldwin, of Princeton, in his little book on "Darwin and the Humanities," and in the present volume is for the first time thoroughly exhibited. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.)

Modernism in science or religion is the demand for first-hand knowledge of the facts on the part of those who profess to explain them, whether scientific or religious facts. Hence, to many, the chief value of the collection of sermons entitled "Churchmanship and Character," by W. H. Carnegie, Rector and Canon of Birmingham Cathedral, will lie in his discussion of Modernism, covering three chapters and expounding this definition. As he says, Modernism, in the broad sense, is the present-day expression of men who want to relate all their religious beliefs and experiences to all their other mental and practical activities. Long since the higher criticism rendered untenable the old scholastic theory of verbal inspiration, and with it the whole scholastic conception of theology. Moreover, the present-day democratic movement, the social expression of scientific thought, is fundamentally incongruous with that of scholastic Christianity. Though the reader may not agree with all his conclusions, these statements are interestingly amplified and emphasized by the author of "Churchmanship and Character." (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25.)

Sir Thomas Fuller was Cecil Rhodes's near neighbor and great friend in South Africa, and Sir Thomas's well-printed and well-illustrated monograph "The Rt. Hon. Cecil John Rhodes" is no long, detailed account of Mr. Rhodes's life and work, but the kind of thing one would expect from a near neighbor and great friend—a very personal narrative of that life and work as associated with Sir Thomas's own. On every page there is a personal, intimate, first-hand touch. Sir Thomas may be unduly prejudiced in favor of Rhodes, but he writes with considerable discrimination. Certainly in these pages Rhodes stands out not only the empire-maker and the South African Napoleon, but a very human and many-sided character, a man well worth the knowing. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.60.)

The eighth volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" treats some subjects of large present interest. To Negro Education and Evangelization eight pages are given, with a wealth of historical and statistical information nowhere else so fully and compactly presented. The century of protest against war that now seems ripening toward success is given a six-page article on Peace Movements, of high value for reference. New Thought, of which so much is heard and so little is understood, receives discriminating and clarifying treatment. A nine-page article on The Organization of the Early Church, signed with the distinguished name of Harnack, is timely for the proposed world conference on church union. Two short but highly significant articles on Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy, one by a German, one by an American scholar, are very comforting to some "heretics." So is a ten-page article on The New England Theology, equally remarkable for its long dominance and its recent sudden collapse. Eminently valuable is the extended critical monograph on Paul the Apostle, by Professor Nash, of Cambridge. The impartiality of the editors appears in their giving place among the four contributors to a twelve-page article on Mormons to an official of the Mormon Church. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $5 per vol.)

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LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

HOW TO TEACH ZOÖLOGY

Ever since the publication of Dr. Hornaday's article on "The Right Way to Teach Zoölogy," in The Outlook of June 4 last, I have been looking for replies in your correspondence column that should call attention to some of his fallacies and protest against his implication that no serious attempt is being made by the teachers themselves to remedy the very real evils that he mentions. Mr. Wood's letter is the only reply I have seen, and, while Mr. Wood shows that the teachers are working for better things, he does not, it seems to me, sufficiently refute Dr. Hornaday's mistaken views concerning several important matters.

As Dr. Hornaday seems to condemn us quite as strongly for not following his mistaken ideas as for our real failings, it seems to me that considerable injustice may be done to the teachers and some harm to the progress of education unless some further protest is made. Dr. Hornaday's criticism of the methods of preparing teachers of zoölogy is abundantly justified so far as my experience goes.

Again, I most emphatically indorse Dr. Hornaday's position with reference to the point of attack. From the simple to the complex is an axiom that has been very much overworked in the teaching of zoölogy. It is much more reasonable to proceed from the known to the unknown. I cannot, however, believe amœba and paramecium to be obscure or uninteresting forms. They are much more common than any mammalia, and their relatives, considered as causes of dangerous diseases, are of much greater importance than any of our wild quadrupeds. Furthermore, these forms of life have proved far from uninteresting to my pupils.

The very great majority of pupils in the New York high schools get but ten weeks to devote to straight zoölogy. To get an additional year most, if not all, have to sacrifice chemistry or physics. In my opinion, they should sacrifice a year of some language instead, but, even if this were permissible, fifty weeks is all that could be reasonably given to the subject. In this short time, for New York conditions are fairly typical, what shall we teach that shall be of most value to the great majority of the pupils? What shall be the aim of the zoölogy teacher? Dr. Hornaday's answer is, "A good general knowledge of zoölogy," and he specifies "one hundred American mammals, one hundred and fifty birds, fifty reptiles, fifty fishes, one hundred insects, and at least twenty-five invertebrates, such as lobsters, crabs, and shellfishes." If Dr. Hornaday will take the brightest high school class he can find, and, in the time to be obtained in the most liberal allotment of time given to the subject, can give his pupils an adequate knowledge of this number of forms, I will agree never to question any of his dicta on the subject. Furthermore, if he can teach any considerable number of these animals from the text-book (written by himself, if he chooses) according to the methods he has outlined, and retain the interest of twenty-five per cent of his pupils, he can do the world a great deal of good as a normal school worker. Frankly, neither his subject-matter nor his methods seem practical. Although my personal scientific studies are mainly along the line of taxonomic work, I cannot agree that "classification is the bed-rock foundation" of school work, though it may be of "all perfect zoölogical knowledge." My aim, expressed many years ago and held constantly in view ever since, is to teach so as to give my pupils "the desire and the ability to learn more." There are other more important things to accomplish than "giving a good general knowledge of zoölogy." The opening of the eyes to things of interest in one's every-day surroundings, the power of accurate observation and correct statement and inference, fundamental biological truths of the utmost importance from the point of view of hygiene, of economics, and of general culture—these are things we must do, and not leave the other entirely undone.

At the risk of being considered a worshiper at the shrine of the "object-lesson," I will indicate some things that my experience has proved to be both useful and interesting for first-hand study. The local fauna is everywhere of interest, and even in New York City there is abundance of material (in Staten Island and other outlying districts) in the inhabitants of our waters and in animal forms that are nearly always present in the habitations of large aggregations of human beings. Furthermore, I am willing to stand sponsor for the condemned grasshopper. He is as interesting as a bear or an elephant, and a good deal more important. Our aquarium and zoölogical collections in museums and parks offer facilities for helpful teaching that are unexcelled and poorly utilized. The tyranny of the school programme imposes on visits to these places restrictions that only the teacher appreciates. What is greatly needed is a suitable set of questions to place in the pupils' hands for answer when they are taken on a trip to museum or zoölogical park. As pupils ordinarily make such visits, they come back with a confused jumble of impressions and with very few definite ideas. To focus attention and give clear-cut impressions and ideas the pupil should be required to make definite observations and answer some moderately easy questions based on these observations and his previous studies.

Even more important than visits to museums and parks are field trips to the real country with similar questions to be answered, but again the tyranny of the school programme intervenes. It is possible to

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make a programme that will enable each class to take field trips without interrupting other work, but we have not been able to get such programmes in many schools. Besides, it ought to be stated that such trips tax the efficiency of the teacher to the utmost, and many teachers do not care to undertake the additional strain.

Aquaria and vivaria in the school-room, and used as a part of the regular laboratory work, have proved one of the most interesting and helpful devices. Here the life history of frog and insect can be watched from egg to adult. In these and other similar ways first-hand knowledge, incomparably more valuable than book-conned knowledge, may be obtained. After training of this sort those pupils who wish to round out their knowledge to Dr. Hornaday's ideal can easily do so with the aid of books.

"The right way to teach zoölogy" and other kindred biological subjects is the careful study of hundreds of thoughtful men and women. The subject is comparatively new to our curricula, and we have not the experience of centuries to fall back upon. We are gradually learning the truth and discarding the error. In zoölogy teaching, as in all other teaching, the personal elements of enthusiasm for the subject-matter and the sympathetic understanding and love of the pupil are the most important things to have in a teacher; accurate knowledge is of the highest importance, of course, but is of little value without the others, and will usually result from them. I do not claim to know the "right way to teach zoölogy," but I do know that the closer the contact that I make between the pupil and his environment, between the pupil and the living animals I want him to know and love, the nearer I come to what my judgment commends as success.

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New Dorp, Staten Island, New York.

THE NEW YORK "POPULATION CENTER"

In your issue of September 17 you observe: "If New York could be further expanded so as to include its natural suburbs in New Jersey, its population to-day would, it is believed, considerably exceed six millions." Permit me to say that, as a population center, it *has* in effect been extended to take in its Jersey suburbs, and New York ones also. This outline Government map is called an "Industrial District," and is a very useful and timely publication. Moreover, the Census Bureau contemplates, within the next year or so, I believe, treating *all* our great cities as "population centers," and in New York's case at least it is unlikely that the population center will be any smaller than the industrial one, or about seven hundred square miles—which is the Greater London area.

And why not? Are not the citizens of its Jersey suburbs as numerous and noticeable in New York during business hours as its own residents? Do they not contribute numbers, importance, character, to the whole population center? Is not the commercial unity of the locality complete, and the only division political and artificial? One might go further and point out that the essential unity of the American center is as marked as London's; also the overlooked fact that the political divisions of the English capital (with its many mayors and boards of aldermen) are nearly as great as those between American cities and their suburbs. But abroad they give a few powers of general control to a central body—as we do not yet do, at least so fully. By thus minimizing their divisions and emphasizing the unities they acquire the great prestige and advertising value of the entire population, urban and suburban.

There is no reason why we, on our part, should cling any longer to the obsolete method of treating big cities and their suburbs only as separate units. The first step to more rational treatment is on the lines here suggested. Indeed, the Merchants' Association of San Francisco, with those of some other cities, urge that the seven hundred square mile area be assigned all our big cities, ignoring their political divisions, and thus putting all on the same footing as centers of population. For if all are given the same area none can complain, and proper comparisons between them can be made, which are out of the question while their various areas differ so widely in size.

In some cases the creation, or rather recognition, of population centers will hasten actual annexation of suburbs by teaching the entire community to regard as one, or akin, their fire, health, water, police, and other problems. And where actual annexation is not possible, or desired, each center will at least have credit for all its inhabitants. Chicago can count many of its Indiana commuters, and Boston reckon all its 1,500,000 people, without the expense and delay of the actual expansion it now talks of.

As for the New York population center, it leaps at a bound to within about a million of the London one. Moreover, it is growing more than twice as fast, which points to this continent as the seat in a very few years of the world's metropolis! Publishers of new atlases should give special heed to the designs of the Census Bureau. And so might the daily press of all the big cities, which are giving so much space to the new Census figures of the *urban* population only. For all these cities will gain greatly, and some vastly, by the assignment of the seven hundred square mile areas, while in case of others it will probably be found that an apparent loss of ratio in the urban growth is made up, or partly made up, in the suburban.

San Francisco will prove a probable example of this. But any city with specially attractive suburbs, or after a big calamity, can keep pace with other communities for a time only by counting all its people, both in and out of the city limits.

JOHN CHETWOOD.

Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

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agent hails without regret the time when the public, sufficiently enlightened, will be able to get along without him, buying insurance over the counter, as it does the other necessaries of life."

It is such agents that place their own insurance in the POSTAL LIFE, just as progressive officers of agency companies do, including the Vice-President and President of two Western companies, who recently endorsed the POSTAL method by placing their insurance in this Company.

Reactionaries

Of course, there are reactionary agency companies that do not like to see the non-agency idea get a foothold. They pooh-pooh it; and such may be expected to deride it and use their influence against it as it grows in favor with the public. Millions of money have been invested in agency-organizations, which the companies naturally are loth to throw into the scrap-heap—an inevitable result with non-agency ascendancy.

These companies will tell you that the POSTAL LIFE is new and not likely to survive, forgetting that at one time they themselves were new and did survive, and forgetting too that the oldest life-insurance company in the world is an English company that never had an agent, and has paid and is paying to-day more benefits to individual policyholders in proportion to what has been received from them than modern-day agency companies.

Expensive High-Pressure Methods

This old company, though placing on its books, through circularizing only, comparatively few policies a day, is still able to produce these fine results for its policyholders. The high-pressure or forced draft methods required to keep agents at the point of efficiency would, 'tis true, secure for the company more new policyholders, but this consumes a larger proportion of the premiums contributed and increases correspondingly the cost to the entire body of policyholders.

You will be told that a large amount of new insurance, even at great expense, is excusable in order to supply new blood necessary for the continued solvency of the Company.

Words from an Insurance Authority

The "fresh blood" idea is the usual scarehead argument indulged in when better arguments have failed. A legal reserve company that has reached its maturity, having selected its risks with care, does not depend for its solvency upon the accretion of new business. Joseph H. Woodward, Auditor New York State Insurance Department, writing officially on this particular subject, recently said: "It is fallacious to suppose that 'fresh blood' is an inherent necessity for the success of any well-conducted life-insurance company. While a normal growth in insurance in force is in most cases desirable, an institution which cannot mature all the risks on its books without a single fresh recruit is mathematically insolvent, and can hope to save itself only by infringing on the equitable rights of future members."

Stragglers in the Movement

The insurance commissioners in certain States, whose compensation depends upon license fees derived from licensing agents, are occasional factors in the opposition. In spite of the economies of the POSTAL'S plan, they do not, for selfish reasons, promptly say the favorable word to inquirers about the POSTAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY, because the POSTAL, having eliminated agents, does not need to pay into their treasury the usual license fees.

Such officials are usually but the pawns of politics. Their temporary political positions are used, too, as stepping-stones to permanent positions in the old agency-companies. They are accepted into these companies for services and favors that have been rendered during their terms of office. Some are "retained" on their merit, others without merit; but fortunately the faithless or venal public servant is becoming less and less a factor to be reckoned with.

The Company's Publicity Method Widely Appreciated

Such opposition is readily understood, and serves to enhance the POSTAL LIFE in the minds of the insuring public. Furthermore, the POSTAL LIFE deals only with those *who understand*—it gains its new adherents *from such only*, and through its public announcements only. Whoever come into the Company do so not through "influence," "cajolery," "log-rolling" and the like, but at their own solicitation and volition, and because they understand *the real economy to themselves* in the policy-contracts of the POSTAL, and appreciate its publicity-methods.

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